NOVEMBER, 1902

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN." *Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

Zola and Dreyfus.

It has surprised us to see in the notices of Zola's death so much attention paid to his connection with the Dreyfus case. This merely goes to show how completely the latest thing about any man supplants in most minds all that went before. The Dreyfus case, over which so much ridiculous stir was made in England and this country, largely owing to a general ignorance of the facts, was only an episode, an incident. So far as Zola's relation to it is concerned, it had no importance except that it gave the world a practical demonstration of how sincere and genuine a spirit the great novelist was, since he was willing to imperil popularity, friendship, reputation and personal safety for the sake of a Cause in which he believed. But as for Dreyfus—that is decidedly another story.

The Rewritten Page of "The Virginian."

In the dedication of Owen Wister's *The Virginian* to Theodore Roosevelt allusion is made to one page of the novel which, according to the author, was rewritten at Colonel Roosevelt's suggestion. Now this is a point which seems to have puzzled and piqued the curiosity of a great many readers of the book. As a matter of fact, the page in question is one of the most dramatic in the whole story, and is to be found in the chapter entitled "Balaam and Pedro." When people ask what enormity Balaam committed on the horse that so aroused the Virginian's anger and brought such a swift and blasting vengeance they are putting their finger on the exact obscurity for which President Roosevelt is responsible. When the episode was first published as a separate story Mr. Wister told what actually did happen. To President Roosevelt, however, the description was too harrowing and repugnant, and to him is owed that elimination which, after all, produces a far greater effect artistically by reason of its very obscurity.

Sir Walter Scott's Country.

While the lover of the novels and the poems of Sir Walter Scott will, in the main, find much that is agreeable and entertaining in W. S. Crockett's *The Scott Country*, he will be likely to quarrel, first of all, with the title. Mr. Crockett means by the "Scott Country" only a very small portion of the southeast of Scotland; and

ÉMILE ZOLA.

"D'aprés une charge de Gill."—*L'Eclipse.*

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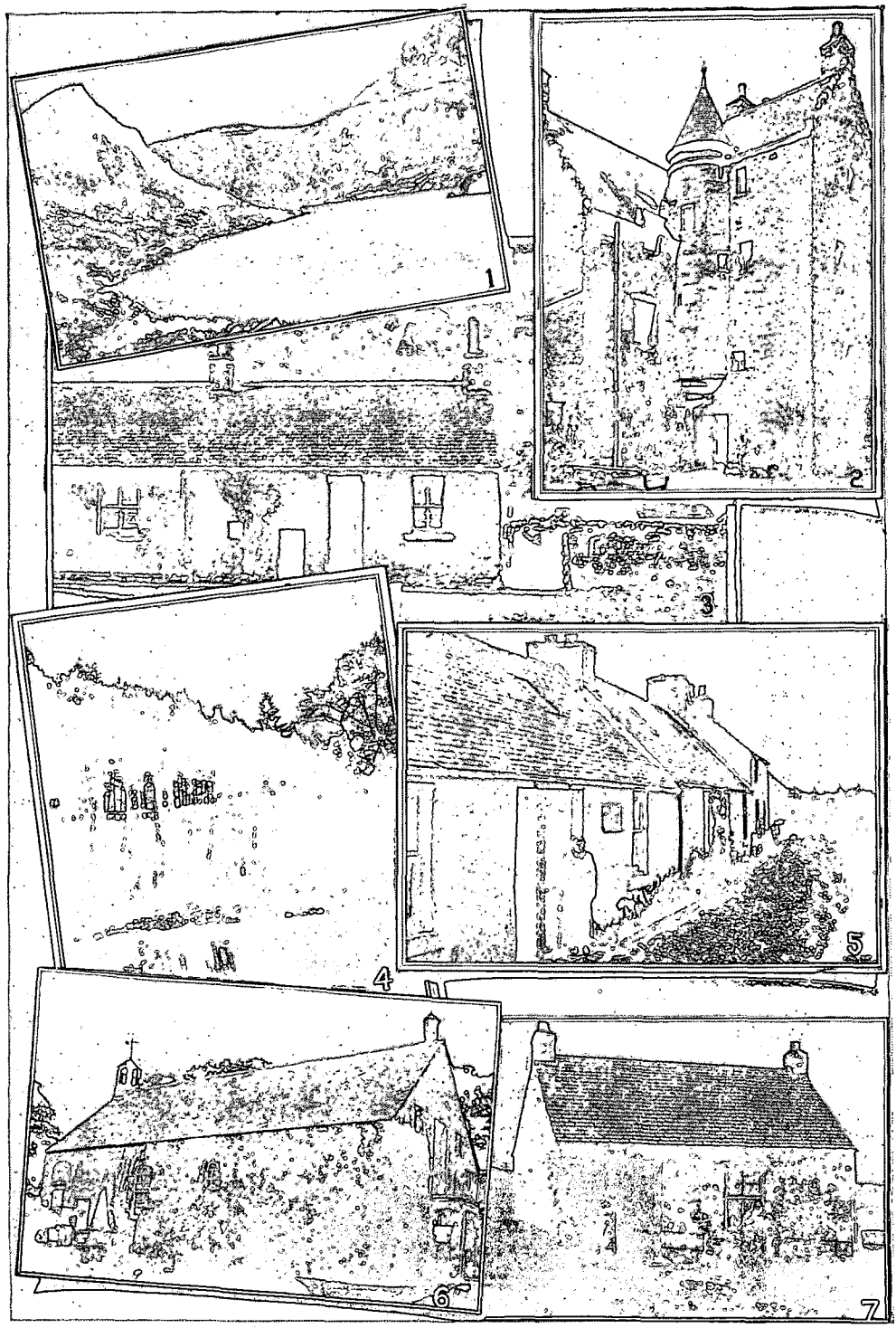

1. LOCH SKENE.
2. QUEEN MARY'S TOWER.
3. BLACK DWARF'S COTTAGE.
4. "THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR."
5. "OLD MORTALITY'S" BIRTHPLACE.
6. TRAQUAIR KIRK.
7. THE GYPSY PALACE.

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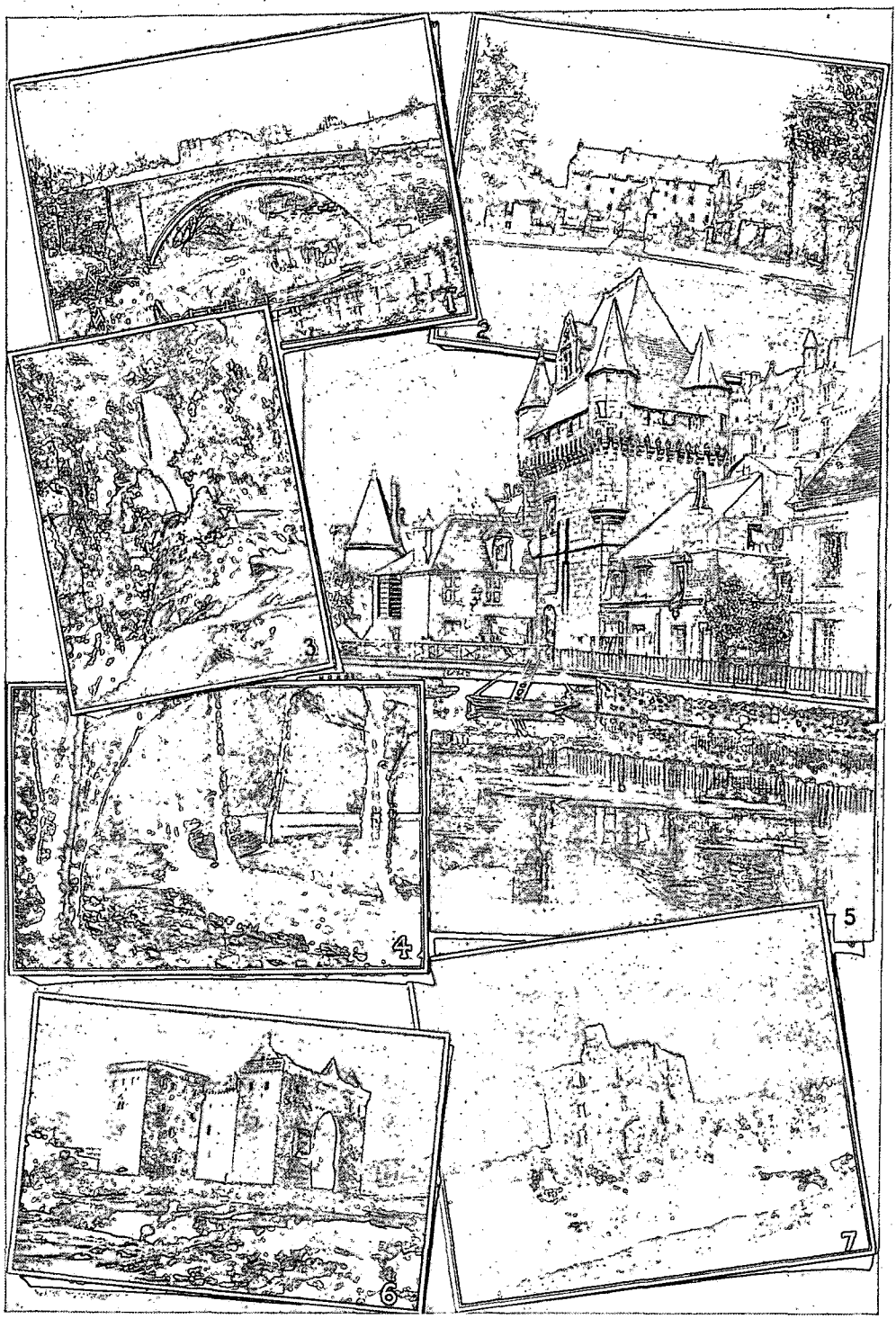

1. TWIZEL BRIDGE.
2. TRAQUAIR.
3. TALLA LINNS.
4. FAIRY DEAN.
5. CASTLE OF LOCHES. (QUENTIN DURWARD.)
6. HERMITAGE.
7. NORHAM CASTLE. (MARMION.)

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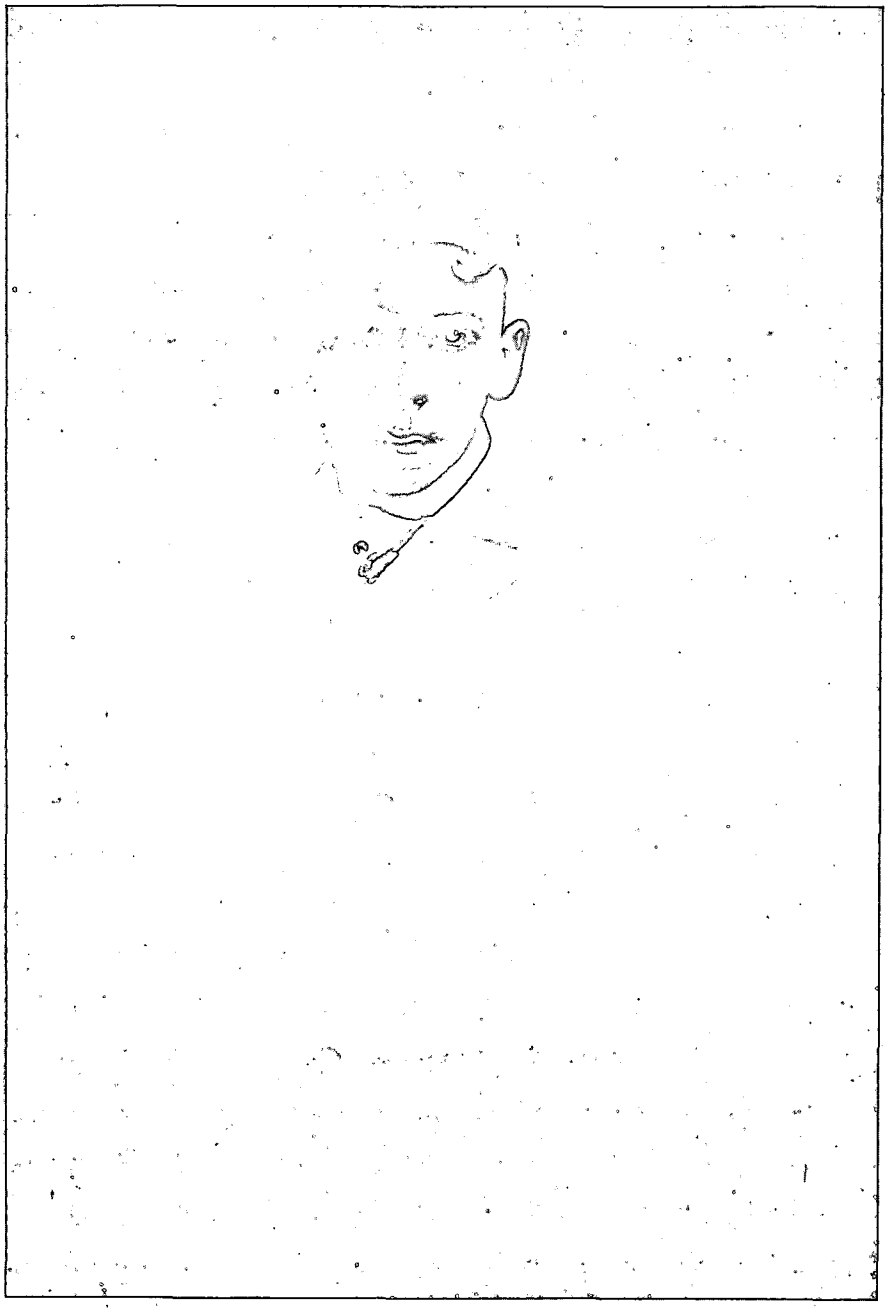

TWO PORTRAITS OF NEWTON BOOTH TARKINGTON. I.

while the major part of the book is devoted to the books and the life of the Wizard of the North, whole chapters are given to men and places which have nothing, or very little, to do with the subject itself. Adequately to treat of the scenes of Scott's novels one would have to go much farther than the author has done. For *Peveril of the Peak* it would be necessary to visit and investigate the Isle of Man. For *Ivanhoe* there is all the country lying about York, the lists of Ashby de la Zouche and Sherwood Forest. For *Quentin Durward* a good deal of Touraine and Burgundy would have to be travelled over; and for *The*

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TWO PORTRAITS OF NEWTON BOOTH TARKINGTON. II.

Talisman one would be obliged to make a pilgrimage to the East.

A Meticulous Maecenas.

Mr. Booth Tarkington's proposal that the Indiana Legislature shall offer $500 in prizes every year to foster literary genius has had a good deal of notice from newspapers which were thankful for a new topic in the silly season. Most of them have sadly gone astray in their remarks. The most that we can find to say about it is that since there is no earthly possibility of the Indiana Legislature passing a bill for such a purpose, Mr. Tarkington should have formed a much more dazzling conception. A gentleman with suf-

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STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

ficient imagination to write *Monsieur Beaucaire* ought to have soared to something really magnificent. Why so paltry a sum as $500? Why not $500,000? Did Mr. Tarkington think that he could split up his $500 into little bits of prizes and have masterpieces come dropping in at $4.89 a masterpiece? We refuse to consider the thing seriously.

Mr. Stewart Edward White, whose novels *The Blazed Trail* and *The Westerners* have had such a wide popularity, is now on his way to the King's Valley Canyon, California, to gather material for another book. The accompanying portrait is from a painting by his brother, Mr. T. Gilbert White. Gilbert White, as a painter, has had a success which challenges that of his brother in literature. He is but twenty-four years of age, and was born in Michigan. He has been in Paris studying for several years, and has been represented by a number of pictures at the Salon, where a portrait-painter must be pretty good to get any chance at all, as everything else takes precedence of portraits. He has painted Felix Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Phelps Dodge, Cheiro, and a number of the operatic stage personages. His masters in Paris were Constant Laurens, Whistler and Macmonnies.

Bret Harte's First Poem.

The newspaper biographies seem to have made a mistake with regard to the date of Bret Harte's first appearance in an Eastern magazine. He was far more precocious than they give him credit for being. The old *Knickerbocker*, dry-nurse of American literature, introduced Mr. Harte to Eastern readers in its issue of January, 1858, when it published a poem of his which was written when he was but eighteen years old, and which must have been the earliest of his serious attempts in this direction. He had begun only a few months earlier to write for one of the San Francisco newspapers, but had produced nothing of note; and it was not until eight or ten years afterward that he caught the ear of the world. The *Knickerbocker* poem has some biographical interest, and, as the first ambitious production of a popular writer, de-

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serves a niche in the museum of literary curiosities. Incidentally, the magazine editor had serious doubts concerning the poet's middle name, as is evidenced by the quotation marks with which he enclosed it. The poem follows, as printed in the *Knickerbocker*, where it has slept undisturbed for forty-four years:

"DOLORES."

BY F. "BRET" HARTE, CALIFORNIA.

Seville's towers are worn and old;
Seville's towers are gray and gold:
Saffron, purple, and orange dyes,
Meet at the edge of her sun-set skies:
Bright are Seville's maidens' eyes,
Gay the cavalier's guitar:
Music, laughter, low replies,
Intermingling; and afar,
Over the hill, over the dell,
Soft and low: Adagio!
Comes the knell of the vesper-bell,
Solemnly and slow.

Hooded Nun, at the convent wall,
Where the purple vines their tendrils throw,
Lingering, looking, wouldst recall
Aught of this giddy scene below?
Turn that pensive glance on high:
Seest thou the floods in yon blessed sky,
The shores of those isles of the good and blest,
Meeting, mingling, down the west?
E'en as thou gazest, lo! they fade:
So doth the world from these walls surveyed;
Fleeting, false, delusive show;
Beauty's form, but hectic's glow.

. . . . . .

"The convent-walls are steep and high:
Dolores! why are your cheeks so pale?
Why do those lashes silent lie
Over the orbs they scarce can veil,
E'en as the storm-cloud, dim and dark,
Shrouding the faint electric spark?
Canst thou those languid fires conceal,
Which scorched the youth of fair Castile?
That tender half-distracted air—
Can that be *faith;* or is 't despair?
That step, now feeble, faltering, slow;
Is that the lightly-tripping toe
That gayly beat the throbbing floor,
Or woke the echoing corridor,
By purple Tagus' rippling shore,
A summer month ago?"

Sister, listen, nearer, higher!
Voices sweet in the distant choir;
"Salve! salve! ave Maria!
Virgin, blest, with Jesus' love,
Turn our thoughts to thee above!"

"Dolores!" Mark ye that dying fall?
"Dolores!" Ho there! within the wall.
Fly ye! the Ladye Superior call:
A nun has fled from the convent wall!

The Art of Parody.

There seems to be just at present a revival of interest in the art of parody, which is not in the least surprising if you stop to think of the delicious opportunities which the novels of to-day are offering to the parodist of even mediocre ability. From time to time during the last six months the popular successes have been hit off with more or less cleverness in skits in the magazines and newspapers; after many years Bret Harte's second volume of *Condensed Novels* comes to challenge comparison with the first, and Mr. Owen Seaman has just published a volume which he calls *Borrowed Plumes*. Now all this is interesting, but it does not impress us greatly. Despite their timeliness, somehow these parodies seem very tame when we place them side by side with the first chapters of *Joseph Andrews*, which were written as a skit on Richardson's *Pamela*, or contrast them with Thackeray's *Punch's Prize Novelists*. It has been said that *Richelieu*, in which Thackeray hit off the more glaring absurdities of G. P. R. James, will probably outlive all and any of James's novels. But the most perfect of all of Thackeray's parodies, a parody perhaps as perfect as any in the English language, is "The Notch on the Axe," in which, while there is not a line that is not mocking, the reader, despite himself, is somehow carried away by the burlesque gloom and horror of the whole thing.

Bret Harte's first volume of *Condensed Novels* was entirely admirable; not quite so much may be said for the second. Some of the old dash and fire is missing. Yet on the whole, most of the parodies are excellent. As poor as any is "The Stolen Cigar Case," in which Sherlock Holmes as Hemlock Jones deduces a condition of affairs which puts an end to his long association with Watson. But Sherlock Holmes has never been successfully parodied. Robert Barr tried it and

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missed, and Mark Twain's attempt in *The Double Barrelled Detective Story* was too ghastly for utterance. The skit on Anthony Hope in "Rupert, the Resembler," is also exceedingly tame, and the same is to be said of "Golly and the Christion, or the Minx and the Manxman," by H—ll C—ne, and "Zut Ski," by M—r—e C—r—lli. But the other parodies are very much better. "For Simla Reasons" is an amusing jumble of all the *Plain Tales from the Hills.* Mulledwiney, Bleareyed and Otherwise, disport themselves characteristically in "A Private's Honour." "Jungle Folk" introduces the Gee Gees and the Moo Kow, who says, turning her head aside bashfully, "That is anudder story." Even better still is "Daniel Borem," by En—s W—t—t, and best of all is "The Adventures of John Longbone, Yeoman, Compiled from Several Eminent Sources."

Maxim Gorky's Latest Novel.

Maxim Gorky's latest novel, *Three of Them,* gives a picture of the difficulties in the lives of young Russians belonging to the small shopkeeping class. The "Three" begin their friendship in childhood among the rubbish heaps of an eating-house yard, and together they pore over any books they can find. Ilia, the chief and strongest of the three, later becomes a hawker, with the ideal before him of a peaceful, honest life spent in a clean, tidy shop of his own. Jacob, the son of the coarse eating-house keeper, is a weak visionary, unable to hold his own against the world; Paul, the third, is a restless vagrant, a poet of the people. They are all very poor, too poor to marry the women they love, and the story of their lives here told is a continual struggle with an overmastering fate.

The Real d'Artagnan.

In the recently published *Life of Dumas,* by Arthur F. Davidson, allusion is made to *Les Trois Mousquetaires* as being the book which, above all others, illustrates Dumas's marvellous powers of assimilation and improvement. The substance of the whole story is to be found in the *Mémoires d'Artagnan,* by Courtils de Sandras. There we have d'Artagnan and his three friends, as also Milady (lady-in-waiting to Queen Henrietta), de Vardes, Rochefort (called Rosnay), Madame Bonacieux and her husband, the rivalry of the King's Musketeers and the Cardinal's Guards. In the original Memoirs the life of d'Artagnan represents three phases of character. At the first he is a swashbuckling adventurer, swaggering about in wineshops, gambling in the King's ante-chambers, leading wives astray and beating husbands. During the Fronde period he becomes more attached to intrigue, both in love and in politics, and is intrusted by Mazarin with confidential missions to England, where he spends much time. Later on, when Louis XIV. has assumed power, d'Artagnan, now capitaine-lieutenant of the Musketeers, appears in a more punctilious light as one desirous to forget the errors and excesses of his youth. The real d'Artagnan died in 1673, killed during the siege of Maestricht. It will be seen that from the *Mémoires* Dumas borrowed freely, but over all he sprinkled the salt of his own wit, and much he imagined and invented, such as the entertaining characters of Grimaud, Mousqueton, Bazin and Planchet, and the details of the famous journey to Calais. The writer of the *Life* makes the curious comment that, Dumas's purpose being ever to glorify France and the French character, he made the two really detestable women in all his novels, Catharine de Medicis and Milady, the first an Italian and the second an Englishwoman. We are obliged to point out that here the biographer is in error. Milady was a French woman by birth, and English only through her marriage.

The Genesis of "Monte Cristo."

Some interesting pages in the *Life* are those which deal with the genesis of *Monte Cristo.* Dumas first saw the island of the buried treasure when sailing about the Mediterranean in a small boat in company with Jerome Bonaparte and his son, Prince Napoleon. Then and there Dumas decided to give the odd name of Monte Cristo to some novel which he should in future write. The first idea of the story was that of a rich aristocrat known as the Count of Monte Cristo, who, living in Rome, meets and renders a great

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service to a young Frenchman visiting that city, in return for which the Frenchman acts as guide to the Count when he comes to Paris, ostensibly as a visitor, but in reality to discover and punish enemies who had ill treated and imprisoned him in his early years. The book as first planned was to begin with the Roman adventures of Albert de Morcerf and Franz d'Épinay, and to continue with the Count's arrival and doings in Paris, while the history of his youth was to be brought in by the way of an oration. The Roman section had been written before Maquet, Dumas's chief collaborator, with whom he was associated for so many years, was consulted. There has always been much dispute as to Maquet's share in the Dumas romances, but in the matter of *Monte Cristo* much credit is undoubtedly due him. His advice at once was to develop the early part—Marseilles, Danglars, the Abbé Faria and the Château d'If—as being the most interesting period of the hero's life. Dumas accepted this advice and divided the work into the three distinct parts we know—Marseilles, Rome, Paris. Dumas had a passion for investigating the places with which his books were concerned, and so for *Monte Cristo* not only the island itself, but Marseilles and the Château d'If, had to be revisited. *Les Trois Mousquetaires,* in the same way, involved trips to Boulogne and Béthune.

The following is Mr. Swinburne's contribution to the centenary of Alexander Dumas. It appears in *The Nineteenth Century:*

THE CENTENARY OF ALEXANDER DUMAS.

Sound of trumpets blowing down the merriest winds of morn,
Flash of hurtless lightnings, laugh of thunders loud and glad,
Here should hail the summer day whereon a light was born
Whence the sun grew brighter, seeing the world less dark and sad.
Man of men by right divine of boyhood everlasting,
France incarnate, France immortal in her deathless boy,
Brighter birthday never shone than thine on earth, forecasting
More of strenuous mirth in manhood, more of manful joy.
Child of warriors, friend of warriors, Garibaldi's friend,
Even thy name is as the splendour of a sunbright sword:
While the boy's heart beats in man, thy fame shall find not end:
Time and dark oblivion bow before thee as their lord.
Youth acclaims thee gladdest of the gods that gild his days:
Age gives thanks for thee, and death lacks heart to quench thy praise.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

George Douglas's Literary Hopes.

It has been said that the late Mr. George Douglas Brown did not much value his book *The House with the Green Shutters.* It is quite possible, and indeed probable, that Mr. Brown hoped to write a greater book. But he certainly thought well of his work. He had a great confidence in his own future. He made out his programme of life, and steadfastly adhered to it. He knew that he would arrive if he had leisure to do himself justice, and he would not accept any position that would absorb his energies. He was quite satisfied if he earned just enough to keep him going. That he would become one of the chief novelists of the time if he gave himself fair play was his certain conviction. *The House with the Green Shutters* occupied him some three years. Nothing vexed him more than to hear it said that he was a man of one book. He was confident that he had much more to say. One of his plans was to write a novel called *The Incompatibles,* describing an unhappy married life. There can be little doubt that the subject would have suited him.

A New Light on Ouida.

A recent number of *Town Topics* of New York City is authority for the astonishing statement that Ouida, whose dislike of America and Americans has been notorious for years, was born in this country. According to the statement, Ouida's family name was Glidden and her place of nativity a plantation near Natchez, Mississippi. She was one of three children, and the widow of her older brother

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This is the Parsee Pestonjee Bomonjee sitting in his palm-tree and watching the Rhinoceros Strorks bathing near the beach of the Altogether Uninhabited Island after Strorks had taken off his skin. The Parsee has put the cake-crumbs into the skin, and he is smiling to think how they will tickle Strorks when Strorks puts it on again. The skin is just under the rocks below the palm-tree in a cool place; that is why you can't see it. The Parsee is wearing a new more-than-oriental splendour hat of the sort that Parsees wear; and he has a knife in his hand to cut his name on palm-trees. The black things on the islands out at sea are bits of ships that got wrecked going down the Red Sea; but all the passengers were saved and went home.

The black thing in the water close to the shore is not a wreck at all. It is Strorks, the Rhinoceros, bathing without his skin. He was just as black underneath his skin as he was outside. I wouldn't ask anything about the cooking-stove if I were you.—*From "Just So Stories for Little Children." Copyright, 1902, by Rudyard Kipling.*

now keeps a boarding-house on Second Place, Brooklyn. Apropos of her dislike for her native country, *Town Topics* recalls the story of her encounter with the late Mrs. Bigelow, wife of our former Minister to France, a woman noted for her ready wit. Mrs. Bigelow, a reader of Ouida's flashy and fleshly books, was once in Florence, where the authoress resides, and resolved to call and pay homage to her talent. On her arrival she was kept waiting while a servant disappeared with her card, returning after some time with the information that "Mademoiselle de la Ramée is not at home." A strident voice was heard shrieking over the stairs: "Tell Mrs. Bigelow that I never receive Americans." "You don't, eh?" shouted back the irrepressible Mrs. Bigelow. "Well, you ought to, for they are the only people who read your filthy books!"

Lilian Bell on Athletics.

A writer of the more discriminating sex, in an article recently printed in THE BOOKMAN on "Woman's Dress in the Modern French Novel," made huge fun of the mere men who in their romances were guilty of the ghastly mistake of dressing their heroines in the wrong combinations of colours. We respectfully invite her attention to a recent book by Lilian Bell, not that it will do any good, but because we are quite sure that no man could ever be so utterly and entirely preposterous in the discussion of feminine flounces as Miss Bell has been when treating of the masculine subject of college football. It is not that she has gone at it with a woman's naturally limited knowledge of the game and its conditions; her capacity for being ludicrously absurd has been studiously acquired. She has taken what was probably the most dramatic great game in the history of the sport, that between Yale and Princeton in the autumn of 1899, when in the last thirty seconds of play Poe's remarkable goal from the field suddenly snatched certain victory from the Blue. The story of this game down to its most minute detail was incorporated in a short tale published a year or two ago in *McClure's Magazine*. The author was a man, and he left well enough alone with excellent results.

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Not so Lilian Bell. It isn't so much that she takes all sorts of liberties with facts, shifts the scene from New Haven to Manhattan Field, juggles with the score, and makes the coaches talk like wild asses, but she renders what was essential-

This is an inciting map of the Turbid Amazon done in Red and Black. It hasn't anything to do with the story except that there are two Armadillos in it—up by the top. The inciting part are the adventures that happened to the men who went along the road marked in red. I meant to draw Armadillos when I began the map, and I meant to draw manatees and spider-tailed monkeys, and big snakes, and lots of Jaguars, but it was more inciting to do the map and the venturesome adventures in red. You begin at the bottom left-hand corner and follow the little arrows all about, and then you come quite round again to where the adventuresome people went home in a ship called the *Royal Tiger*. This is a most adventuresome picture, and all the adventures are told about in writing, so you can be quite sure which is an adventure and which is a tree or a boat.—*From "Just So Stories for Little Children." Copyright, 1902, by Rudyard Kipling.*

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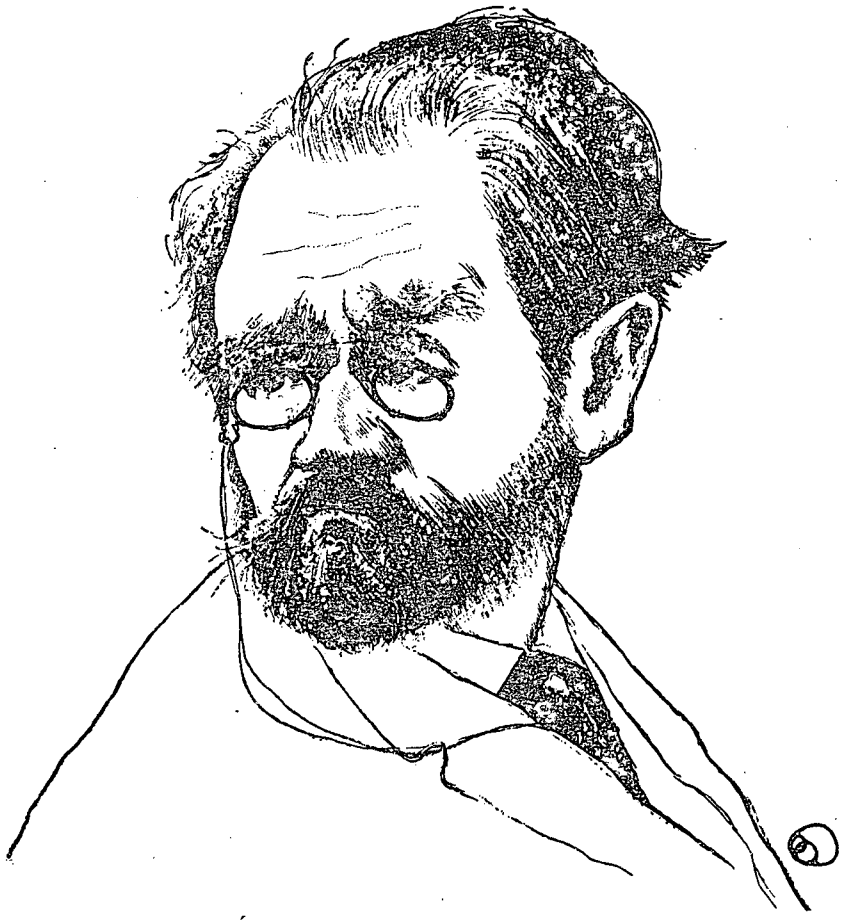

ÉMILE ZOLA. DRAWN BY ERNEST HASKELL.

ly dramatic only laughable. Then at the conclusion of the game, the victorious Princeton eleven rushes right into Hope Loring's drawing-room, which is evidently just around the corner, where it stands up in a row and sings songs. Shades of Cowan and Cochran, Lea and Moffat, Palmer and all the Poes!

Here is what M. Ferdinand Brunetière, the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the implacable enemy of all modern tendencies in French fiction, had to say of Zola when he was lecturing at the Lenox Lyceum in New York City in the spring of 1897. The report is from a newspaper of the following day:

As M. Brunetière began his assault upon Zola a buzz of excitement ran through the audience. In the attack the lecturer became animated. His face flushed. His voice rose and filled the hall. "What," he cried, "has this man Zola done for literature? Never has a writer been more ignorant. Never has an observer been less true. The man is ignorant of history, ignorant of the country, ignorant of the city of Paris itself, and yet he has dared to apply the name of truth to what he calls his art, and has had the impudence to entitle his work, a 'Natural and Social History of a Family Under the Second Empire.'

"His French workman is not the French workman; his French soldier is not the French soldier; his French officer is not the French officer; his French bourgeois is a miserable, mean parody on the French bourgeois. There is in French life nothing which corresponds to the baseness, the coarseness and the cynicism of Zola. I will not deny," said M. Brunetière, "that he has talent, but I deeply regret

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that his talent is applied to the setting of so pernicious an example. What good can his expositions of brutality, vulgarity and grossness accomplish? What moral influence can they exert, but to create a world of cynics patterned after their exponent.

"Zola's bad influence is shown well by the poor Goncourts; the brothers began as collectors of curiosities, engravings, china; they wrote some stories like *Manette Salomon,* which attracted no great attention. These delicate, sensitive Japanesish old gentlemen were ready to do anything to become famous, and, when Zola sprang into notoriety, took to writing books like *La Fille Elisa* and *La Faustin,* books that are simply pretentious, nasty and stupid."

A Medical Canard.

A vague report is wafted throughout the medical profession in this country to the effect that the actual operation on King Edward was not performed by Sir Frederick Treves, who is credited with it, but by a certain well-known surgeon of New York whose forte lies in operations in the region of the appendix vermiformis, and who was in England at the time. Of course, this tale is the wildest kind of a cock-and-bull story, yet we have heard it repeated with a fatuous solemnity of belief that was at once ludicrous and exasperating. American surgeons as a body are rather sore over the ill-success which followed the treatment of President McKinley, but it would be far more dignified to keep silence about it than to invent such flimsy fiction as that which we have just narrated. Let them rather discuss the reason why a multi-millionaire of Chicago should import a Viennese surgeon and his assistant to undertake the treatment of a malformation of the hip-joint.

Offsprings.

We experienced a rare linguistic delight the other day when we came across the following in the New York *Times:*

Opposed to the theory of de Chateauneuf is the evidence of Queen Victoria's eight offsprings.

"Offsprings" is good.

Tales of Life's Varied Phases.

During the last five or six years there have been published a large number of volumes, each made up of short stories descriptive of some business or some phase of contemporary American life, and in most cases these books have been very good. There have been stories of the telegraph and stories of the railroad. The most successful novel of the year, Mr. Owen Wister's *The Virginian,* belongs to this class, because it is really only a series of pictures and tales of the life of Wyoming of twenty years ago strung loosely together. Undergraduate life has been the theme of many volumes, and most of them have been comparatively good. There are *Cornell Stories* and *Stanford Stories* and *Bowdoin Stories,* and Josephine Dodge Darkam's *Smith College Stories* and *Wellesley Stories,* and Jesse Lynch Williams's *Princeton Stories,* and John Seymour Wood's *Yale Yarns,* and Charles Flandrau's *Harvard Episodes.* Of short stories of the life of the newspaper-making world there are Miss Jordan's *Tales of the City Room* and Mr. Williams's excellent *The Stolen Story.* Nobody has as yet written a volume of stories dealing with the magazine office, but that is sure to come, and Richard Harding Davis has touched the field in " The Editor's Story." A volume of tales dealing with boarding-house life is, we believe, soon to appear, and in the idea there are vast possibilities. There have been volumes of short stories galore about the different localities and races in New York. Mr. Townsend and Mr. Norr have written of the life of the Chinese of Mott, Pell and Doyer Streets. Mr. Cahan and Mr. Bernstein have told about the Jews of the New York Ghetto. The neighbourhood of lower West and Washington Streets was the scene of Norman Duncan's *Syrian Stories.* Mr. Janvier has described the French quarter. There have been stories of political life. Edwin Le Fevre handled a big subject and handled it very successfully when he wrote *Wall Street Stories.* Among recent publications we note *Little Stories of Married Life* by Mary Stewart Cutting and Will Payne's *On Fortune's Road,* which might have been called *Tales of the Dollar.*

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"On Fortune's Road."

We have not read *The Money Captain*, but *The Story of Eva*, while possessing many faults, was a book which convinced us immediately that Mr. Payne was a writer whose future work it would be worth while to watch carefully. Here was a man who was honestly interested in the lives of the clerk in the shoe shop, of the "young lady" cashier in the State Street "beanery," who realised the romance in these lives, the pangs and the pleasures, and who wrote about them sincerely. *On Fortune's Road* provokes comparison with Mr. Le Fevre's *Wall Street Stories*, and all we can say in a general way is that we like them both very much. But Mr. Payne can learn more from *Wall Street Stories* than Mr. Le Fevre can from *On Fortune's Road*. You feel somehow that Mr. Le Fevre has made his notes more inside the stockbroker's office, and Mr. Payne more as one of the spectators in the gallery overlooking the floor. Both men have humour. Mr. Le Fevre's humour was best in "The Woman and her Bonds;" Mr. Payne's in the character of Gallagher, the "boss" in the story of "The Chairman's Politics." All the stories in *On Fortune's Road* are worth reading; the best, perhaps, are "The End of the Deal," "The Plant at High Grove" and "The Chairman's Politics."

Marriage and Commutia.

Mary Stewart Cutting lives in East Orange, New Jersey, and we should say that the scenes of most of the tales of *Little Stories of Married Life* were laid somewhere about that particular portion of the great commutian limited monarchy. While life in these stories is not always "one grand, sweet song," you will realise something of the inoccuous pleasures and excitement which make the commuter the self-satisfied and even somewhat arrogant being that he is. Once upon a time many years ago a proud commuter wrote the following doggerel. He was very very young, and he has since reformed and led a respectable life. We don't know just what the thing means, but we print it as a human curiosity, and apropos of certain phases of Mrs. Cutting's book:

Click! clack! click!
  Tickety, tickety, tock!
The night wind roars,
The commuter snores;
  Seven o'clock.

Brr! brr! brr!
  The great commute's begun;
On knees and hands
The commuter lands
  Seven one!

Sock! sock! shirt!
  Overcoat and shoe,
Cuffs, cravat,
Accomplished at
  Seven two!

Chaw! chaw! chaw!
  With cannibal gust and glee.
Thunder! ain't this coffee hot?
Gee! whiz! Great Scott!
  It's seven three!"

Root! root! root!
 "Late, as I'm alive!
That whistle blew,
She's overdue;
  It's seven five!"

Seven six! Seven six!
  His course he's nobly run,
And ghoulish glee
Shines in his "ee,"
  For the great commute is done.

Mrs. Cutting is a New Yorker born and bred. Her father was Ulysses Doubleday, Brevet Brigadier General in the Civil War, and afterward for many years was a member of the New York Stock Exchange. Born in 1851, the author became Mrs. Charles N. Cutting in 1875. It is only of recent years that she has taken up writing as a serious occupation, although before her marriage she had written some poems for *Lippincott's Magazine*, and some children's stories for a little church paper called *The Young Christian Soldier*. Seven years ago she began literary work in earnest, and soon *The Coupons of Fortune* and *Fairy Gold* were published. Mrs. Cutting confesses to many rejections, and makes the good point that she found writing for children excellent education, because one is obliged to be clear and concise.

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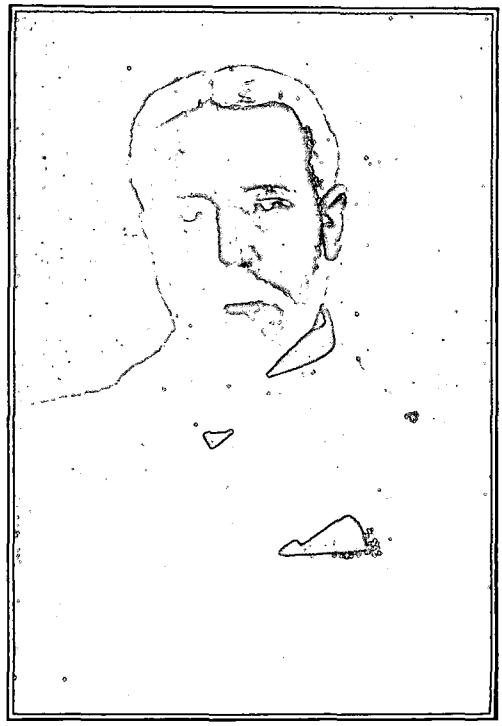
WILL PAYNE. AUTHOR OF "ON FORTUNE'S ROAD."

MARY STEWART CUTTING. AUTHOR OF "LITTLE STORIES OF MARRIED LIFE."

OWEN SEAMAN. AUTHOR OF "BORROWED PLUMES."



HENRY NORMAN. AUTHOR OF "ALL THE RUSSIAS."

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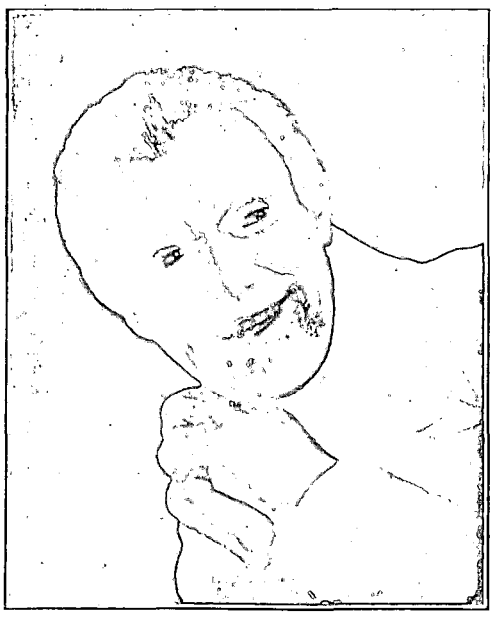
I. SIDNEY CARTON.

"Keep your eyes upon me dear child and mind no other object. They will be rapid. Fear not!"

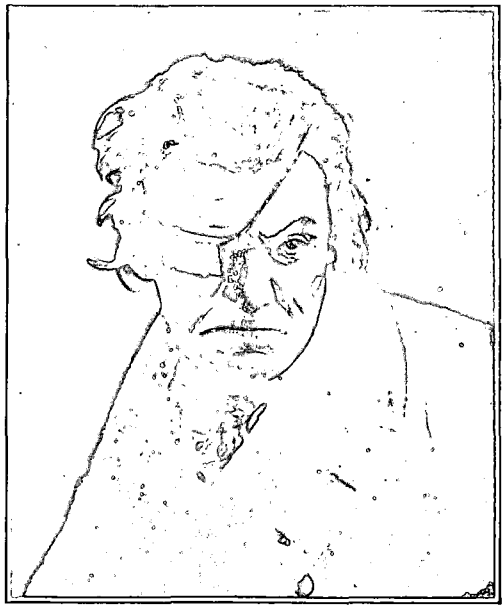
II. DAN'L PEGGOTTY.

"He stood, long after I had ceased to read, looking at me."



III. URIAH HEEP.

"I am well aware that I am the 'umblest person going, let the other be where he may."



IV. WACKFORD SQUEERS.

"Let any boy speak a word without leave and I'll take the skin off his back."

CHARACTERS FROM DICKENS. AS IMPERSONATED BY MR. BRANSBY WILLIAMS.—"LONDON SKETCH."

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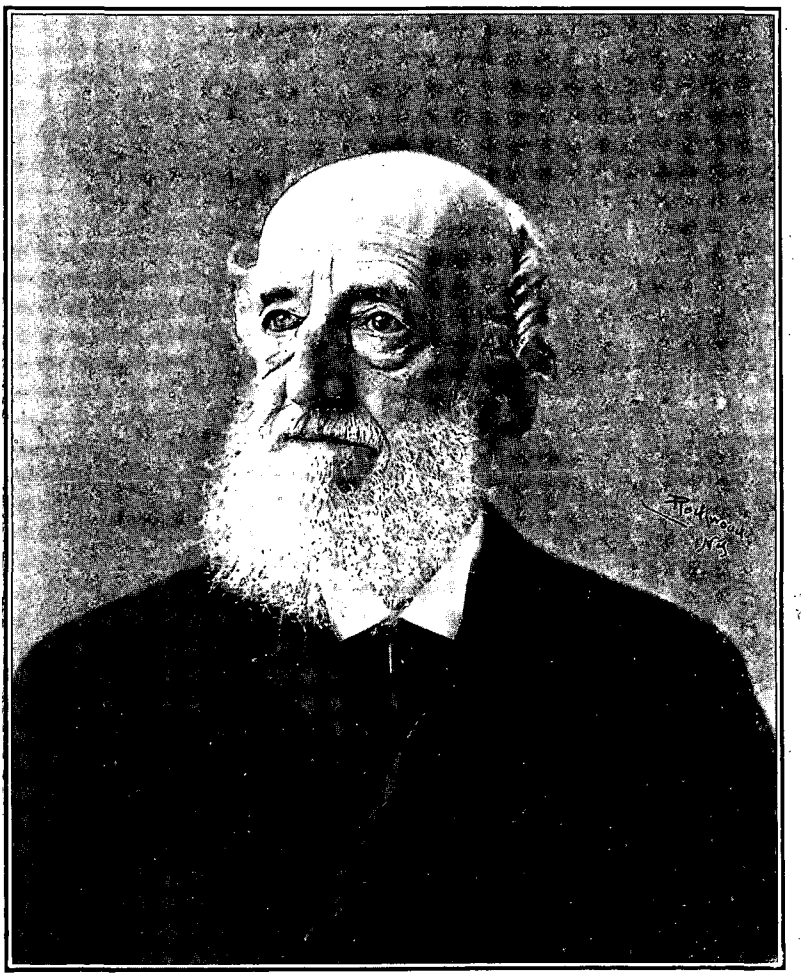
The King's Library.

A library that is necessarily exceptional in its wide and varied interest is that of King Edward VII. at Windsor Castle. The whole library dates only from the time of George III. When the British Museum was founded the ancient library of the kings of England was transferred thither by George II. George III., finding himself without a library, entrusted Sir Frederick Barnard to buy in Venice and other cities all books of worth; and in 1762 Consul Smith's library was also bought for him. Thirty-nine Caxtons, including the *Doctrine of Sapience,* were mostly personal gifts to the King. The inner print-room is precious beyond all words. Twenty thousand of the finest works of the greatest men are contained in it, including over eighty portraits by Holbein—they speak for themselves as likenesses—in three tints of crayon. But the glory of the whole collection is in the Leonardo da Vinci drawings, and not only drawings, but his own manuscript, with anatomical notes and illustrations of priceless worth.



WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

A simple library table contains in its drawers a sequence of kings and queens

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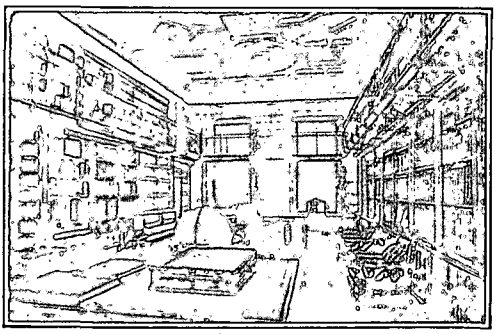


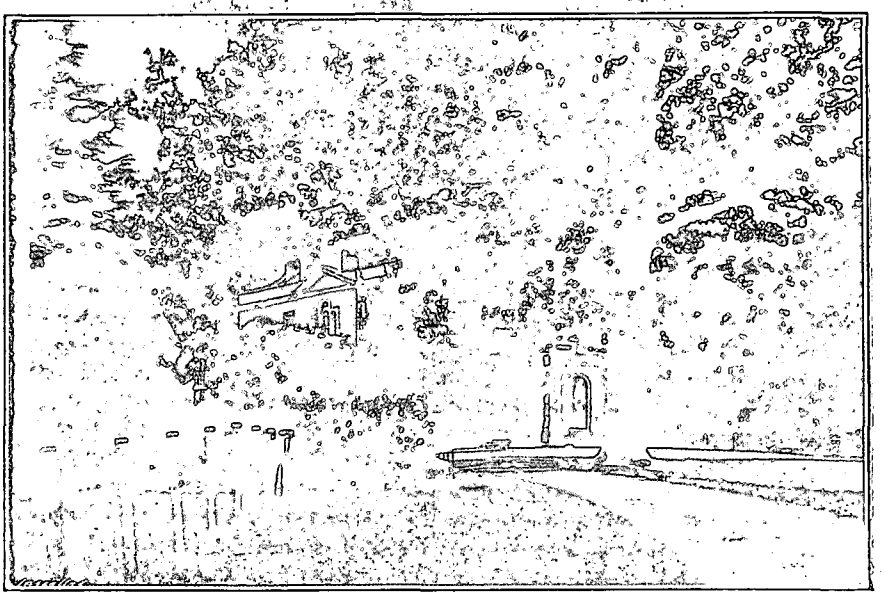
THE ROYAL LIBRARY. WINDSOR CASTLE.

in miniatures, with the exception of "Bloody Mary," dating from King Henry VII. There are works by the two Olivers, Orgius, Humphrey, Cooper and Cosway. Queen Mary of Scotland is by Janet, and described by Charles II. most accurately in his catalogue of his possessions. On the easel is a curious little drawing, which was presented to the present librarian for purchase. It was a little drawing made by Her Majesty Queen Victoria and given to her uncle. She said she quite remembered doing it at the age of seven. The Queen and Prince Consort were frequent visitors to the library. The librarian is Mr. Richard Holmes, C.V.O., who, when sent by the British Museum to gather treasures, succeeded so well that the late Mr. Gladstone referred to him in the House of Commons as a sacrilegious robber.

The Home of Mrs. Humphry Ward.

The whole neighbourhood of Stocks, the country home of Mrs. Humphry Ward, is filled with associations to those interested in English history and in English literature. The house itself was once the temporary dwelling-place of the seventeenth-century poet Waller, and in the garden a rude niche hewn in one of the trees is known as "The Poet's Seat." Sir Walter Scott passed many days in Stocks and the neighbouring village of Ivinghoe is believed to have suggested the title of his famous novel. Through the estate runs the invisible line dividing the counties of Hertford-

Conscious again of the green



STOCKS. THE COUNTRY HOME OF MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

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ATAVISM

Old longings nomadic leap,
  Chafing at custom's chain;
Again from its brumal sleep
  Wakens the ferine strain.

Helots of houses no more,
  Let us be out, be free;
Fragrance through window and door
  Wafts from the woods, the sea.

After the torpor of will,
  Morbid with inner strife,
Welcome the animal thrill,
  Lending a zest to life.

Banish the volumes revered,
  Sever from centuries dead;
Ceilings the lamp flicker cheered
  Barter for stars instead.

Temple thy dreams with the trees,
  Nature thy god alone;
Worship the sun and the breeze,
  Altars where none atone.

Voices of solitude call,
  Whisper of sedge and stream;
Loosen the fetters that gall,
  Back to the primal scheme.

Feel the great throbbing terrene
  Pulse in thy body beat,
Conscious again of the green
  Verdure beneath the feet.

Callous to pain as the rose,
  Breathe with instinct's delight;
Live the existence that goes
  Soulless into the night.

John Myers O'Hara.

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AUTHOR AND CRITIC

In the October BOOKMAN there was a review of Augusta Evans Wilson's *A Speckled Bird* from the pen of Helen Clarkson. In this review we can find nothing that is unjust or unkindly, beyond the fact that the reviewer does not take Mrs. Wilson seriously as a George Sand or a George Eliot. The author of *A Speckled Bird,* however, does not agree with us, and has written a Fable about us. Mrs. Wilson, we understand, has hinted darkly that we would not dare to print the Fable. But here it is, and with it we reprint, for the reader's benefit, the review that caused all the trouble.—THE EDITORS OF "THE BOOKMAN."

MRS. WILSON'S "A SPECKLED BIRD."

The true import of Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson's new book *A Speckled Bird* is not at once apparent. For several chapters it seems to be the same old story over which boarding-school girls of a generation ago shed tears. The heroine is introduced with a flourish of the same old adjectives:

"Under delicate, level brows her large dark eyes—chataigne in some lights, almost black at times—were set rather far apart in an oval face whose exquisitely clear, pure pallor was stained only by the healthy rich red of slender lips that had a treacherous trick of quivering when any strong emotion stirred the deeps of her heart."

Of the hero, the adjectives tell us:

"The dark steel-blue grey eyes—with no hint of yellow—which his Scotch father gave him, lost something of their penetrating brilliance under the long jet lashes that, with black brows and thick clustering hair his mother had contributed, and his naturally clear olive skin had been weather-tanned in various climates to a browner tint."

Anybody who doubts that the creator of *Beulah* has lost her grip upon classical allusions has only to read *A Speckled Bird's* description of a Broadway crowd:

"Down the double railway track flowed a human stream panting to reach the fray, eager to witness the struggle as old Romans who fought for places under the velarium and shrieked 'Habet!'"

And the titles! Mrs. Evans Wilson has suffered no change of heart there—not the lords and ladies of Laurajeanlibbyism, but all the handles to a name that the land o' the free allows. Every male member of her *dramatis personae* who isn't Judge or General is Senator or Governor. The elegant English of *A Speckled Bird* knows no bounds, just as it knew them not in the days of *Vashti* and *St. Elmo.* The hero's "mental trend was toward scientific studies, and his dominant scheme of investigation embraced the elusive problems of

FABLE.

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"THE BOOKMAN."

Scene, editorial sanctum. Time, highnoon. Editor on a lounge, snoring heavily.

"A Speckled Bird" perched high on a bronze figure of Justice that stands on pedestal behind the desk.

Enter stealthily a "stray female cat" lean and hungry.

CAT: "How dare you show yourself here? Only genuine 'literature' is allowed in this office."

BIRD: "Yes, I have heard that legend. I know this is a sparrow-hawk's roost, and I did not elect to come; but I was sent here because the editor needed game and wanted me. I am a very harmless Bird, yet I can take care of myself."

CAT: "I shall lose no time in strangling you. Come down instantly,—from that sacred head,—you incongruous mythological jumble of ancient style and up-to-date affectations."

BIRD: "I cannot stoop to your level, Pussy; I do not like your soiled look. You should get a cure for mange, and go back to your gutter where rats abound."

Cat lashes the floor with her tail, and springs forward, falling back on top of desk.

CAT: "You ugly, old-fashioned, polyglot offense to modern culture!"

Bird preens her plumage.

BIRD: "If you belonged to my old-timed family your 'modernity' manners might be improved."

CAT: "Pedantic jade! you have had the insolence to *'sprinkle on every feather such recondite Latin as "labor omnia vincit!"'"*

BIRD: "Are you squint-eyed? An ocu-

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anthropology." The heroine, upon returning to her native heath, "missed keenly the effectively massed mental activity that shrewdly focussed all lights on national questions, political policies and diplomatic legerdemain in Washington, and especially the stimulating intellectual ozone, the sharpening friction of perpetual debate in Congressional circles." Latin quotations of such recondite brand as *deus ex machina* and *labor omnia vincit* sprinkle every page just as of yore. All the hallmarks of the old-fashioned school of fiction in its most impossible, perishable form are there; the trail of the high-priestess of that school, Mrs. Evans Wilson, is over it all.

But with all these familiar things there is something unfamiliar—something new. The heroine of *A Speckled Bird* is college-bred. Her very name, "Eglah," is a concession to the new fashion for old fashions. The prig of a hero has his typewriters, telephones and automobiles. "I thought you scientists . . . had reduced souls and minds to mere 'reflex sensory' action and 'cerebral sinuousities' and 'psychoplasm,' and 'inherited instincts,' and 'deposits of phosphorus'," says one character —a woman. Where in all *Infelice* will you find a woman that talks like that? Woman suffrage itself is deemed a foe worthy Mrs. Evans Wilson's steel and she takes a rap at it as follows:

"In other days before higher education, club culture and female rights had abolished home life, domestic sanctity and fireside lararium, all good women held Clytemnestra the infamous archetype of feminine depravity; but the doctrine of 'equality' lowers the old high standards, and the new code reads: 'She had as good a right to Ægisthus as Agamemnon to Chryseis.' "

Trusts, labour unions, socialism, single tax, revolutionary religions—all these signs of the times have wandered into the story, much as a cat wanders into a strange garret, it is true, but being there they make *A Speckled Bird* what it is, the old-fashioned novel brought up to date. As such, the book is a distinct contribution to the day's literature. Consciously or unconsciously, Mrs. Evans Wilson has been worked upon by the spirit of the times. That the result has all the effect of Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, enrolled in the ballet, or Rip Van Winkle running an automobile, is not her fault. It is hard to teach old hens new clucks. Mrs. Evans Wilson's college-bred heroine is graduated before she is twenty. A chiffonier furnishes the judge's library, and the high-bred hero says "lady-friend." In her frantic list might help you to see that I have exactly four hundred and twenty-six feathers, and only eight have Latin fringes to increase their beauty. If you cannot understand Latin you should be grateful for my instruction. Now I challenge you to find your own quotation *'labor omnia vincit'* anywhere on my plumage. If you can point it out I will buy a dozen tender mice for your dinner. Where is it?"

CAT: "You glaring, patch-work literary crazy-quilt! Your *'prig of a hero has his telephones and automobiles.'* "

BIRD: "Not true. Are you the reincarnation of Munchausen, doing penance for his sins? If you can show my hero possessed either of the articles named, I will make a present of both to your editor yonder. Prove your assertion if you are an honourable 'reviewing' Cat."

CAT: "Such a superannuated, furbelowed, frizzled *'old hen cannot learn new clucks.'* "

BIRD: "I neither need nor desire 'new clucks.' Since you appear to pose as a 'critical' Cat, I presume your diction belongs to the review-certified-brand of correct 'literature,' but it would give me tonsillitis,—ruin the purity of my high, sweet tones that the people seem to love."

CAT: *Licking her lips and stretching her claws.* "You have the audacity to peck *'at female suffrage, and drag in Clytemnestra.'* You *'Corelli of our mothers!'* "

BIRD: *Uttering a faint twitter of amusement.* "That Greek lady had a multitude of sins, but she was innocent of 'female suffrage' nonsense. She is arraigned for conjugal infidelity, but possibly members of your family circle imitate and defend her."

Growling savagely, Cat leaps toward the Bird,—strikes the pedestal, falls back on desk and overturns the inkstand,—the ink trickling across editor's "copy" for a page in November magazine.

CAT: "I will tear you into shreds and gnaw your bones,—you stilted, preposterous, *'perishing'* fiction pest!"

Bird smoothes her feathers, poising securely on the metal tresses of Justice.

BIRD: "Pussy, I wish you no harm, therefore I decline to be devoured, because you would immediately have a fatal fit. The bare sight of me has given you

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effort to keep up with the procession, the Marie Corelli of our mother's time has appropriated all the threadbare properties of latter-day fiction. The very characters, while types, are not taken from life; their originals may be recognised in any undeservedly popular novel of the past few years. If the college-bred type of girl is one proof of this, the John Storm type of man, without which few stories are successful nowadays, is another. So is the female anarchist who looked like Juno, by the way; so also is the corruptible Congressman. The realistic school of writing receives the sincerest flattery—imitation. What are we coming to, pray, when a sister-heroine of Inez faces her father "cool and firm as a granite gargoyle"? Or when it is recorded of a newly-wed pair just starting on their bridal trip, "Both wound their watches" In the general jumble some pet traditions of the author's own get shaken up. A stern parent's eyes so far forget themselves as to "shine like those of a cat in some dim corner." Never in former tales from this pen have the eyes of any character sunk so low. Their models were nothing less than lions and tigers. Indeed, the eyes referred to, recovering themselves a page or so farther on, "gleam like those of a jaded, hunted, forest animal."

Can it be that *A Speckled Bird* in all its up-to-dateness is but a sop to a commercial Cerberus? (a figure sure to appeal to the author)—a desperate effort to regain a one-time vogue? We prefer to think otherwise. The infection of our age is strong. It has driven the literary recluse out of existence; it has turned the impractical starveling of a poet into a prosperous politician. *A Speckled Bird* is a fresh phase of the new order of things—literary things in particular. It is the old-fashioned novel in its most preposterous form—with all the modern improvements.

Helen Clarkson.

colic. Listen just a minute: I am the youngest of eight out of one nest,* and by some inexplicable good fortune we all seem to bear charmed lives. For fifty years hawks and owls have chased my brother and sisters in vain, and the vultures are tired waiting for them to die. We shall see you all self-appointed appraisers of literature in your quiet grave. We are here to stay just so long as the world wants us. The reading public is patient and good natured, but knows exactly what it likes, and when a tribe of 'rough riders'—like the gentleman yonder on the lounge—crack the 'true literature' whip too often, the dear obstinate people sometimes 'buck' suddenly like an outraged broncho, and these self-commissioned prophets of 'review' sanctums find dust in their infallible eyes."

Cat crouches for a final spring.

Enter unannounced the wilful Philistine public, in the person of an influential subscriber, holding October "Bookman" under his arm.

Failing to observe the dreaming Editor, he stares at the Bird, then at the Cat bedabbled with ink, and shies the "Bookman" at the latter, who with drooping tail scampered back to her sewer.

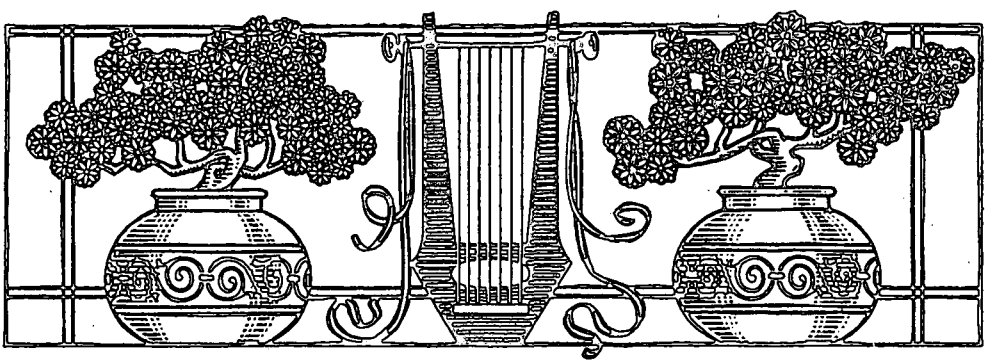
"A Speckled Bird" lifted her wings, shook one feather labelled *deus ex machina* down on the sacred Delphic desk, and soared to the top of the nearest steeple.

MORAL.

Will the "Bookman" and his "Stray Cat" try to study Holmes's lines to the model bookman Lowell on his seventieth birthday?

Augusta Evans Wilson.

*Inez, Vashti, St. Elmo, Macaria, Infelice. At the Mercy of Tiberius, Beulah, A Speckled Bird.



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ÉMILE ZOLA

Had Émile Zola died some fifteen years ago, the comments and appreciations called forth by his death would very largely have had for their main themes the peculiar theory of fiction-writing which he so passionately upheld, the merits of the naturalistic movement, of which he was the guiding force, and finally, those literary productions in which alike the theory and the practice of literary Naturalism received a concrete demonstration. The pages of his controversial monographs, *Le Roman Expérimental* and *Les Romanciers Naturalistes,* would have been restudied by the critics, and the views expressed in them would have been again attacked, defended and discussed with all the heat engendered by a novel cause that is still *sub iudice.*

To-day the note of interest in that bygone controversy is no longer sounded, even as a reminiscence. Not even the death of the great master has revived the curious feeling of astonishment and incredulity that passed like a wave over so many minds when Zola first enunciated the formula whereby he thought that he had transmuted the indefinable magic of an art into the precise and definite dulness of a science. The years which have passed since then have long ago deprived his theory of even its piquant flavour of originality. His belief that literature is comparable, not to painting or sculpture or music, as the case may be, but to anatomy and physiology; that the novelist is a demonstrator; that his study is a laboratory; and that he can, by observation and research, illumined by imagination, arrive at new and unsuspected truths possessing scientific instinct and artistic value —all these assertions were whistled down the wind so many years ago as to make the simple statement of them now appear preposterous. An artist's theory of his own creative processes is never of much interest or worth; nor in the long run does the world care much about the fancied method or technique through which memorable things are done. It is the purest folly to analyse an inspiration or to attempt the vivisection of elusive genius. For, at the very last, one must be judged by what he has in fact achieved, and not at all by the particular means through which achievement is accomplished. So if Zola, when he sat down to his desk each day to write the four pages which constituted his diurnal task, delighted to regard himself as a biologist and not a novelist, as a demonstrator in anatomy and not an artist, that circumstance possesses no more real importance to the world at large than the fact that Dumas sometimes found it necessary to wear jack-boots and a long scarlet coat before he could compose with fluency, or that Flaubert could do no literary work until he had arrayed himself in velvet. These were idiosyncracies of remarkable men, and they have a personal interest as being bits of intimate and curious gossip. Our knowledge of them does not, however, affect in the most imperceptible degree our balanced and matured opinion of either *L'Assommoir* or *Monte Cristo* or *Madame Bovary.* It is not what Zola thought about himself for which we care. It is rather by his completed work, in whatsoever way it may have been produced, that we judge him and assign to him his place in the Pantheon of creative genius.

Zola has been most wofully misunderstood outside of France by those whose judgments have no reference to careful knowledge. By many he has been condemned offhand as one who sought for pornographic notoriety because it promised him pecuniary profit. He has been accused of deliberately striving to secure success by sensational and unworthy means, by pandering to pruriency and becoming for pay a sort of literary seneschal to sensuality. In other words, they would not discriminate between Zola grimly and powerfully working out a great, though terrible, conception, and such enervating disciples of commercial lubricity as Adolphe Belot and Paul Ginisty. Others, again, such as Max Nordau, would have us see in Zola not a conscious trader in literary nastiness, but an unconscious pervert, essentially neurotic, "a high-class degenerate with some peculiarly characteristic stigmata which completely established the diagnosis" afflicted with onomatomania and coprola-

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lia. How utterly untrue are both of these detestable hypotheses, a very brief consideration of the facts will serve to show. In the first place, we must consider the literary movement in which he became at last the dominant and directing influence; and then we must recall the circumstances of his own career.

Realism as a literary motive is no new phenomenon. It is as old as Euripides and Alciphron among the Greeks. It was developed almost to its very fullest possible expression by Petronius among the Romans. After the Renaissance it is seen in the picaresque romances which represent a reaction from the stately, tedious tales of chivalry, just as in Fielding it represents a like reaction against the fine-spun sentimentalism of Richardson. But it can scarcely be regarded as embodying a conscious purpose or a definite theory before the early decades of the nineteenth century, when Henri Beyle began, under the pseudonym of "Stendhal," to dissect with an unshaken, ruthless hand the society that he saw about him, laying bare as with a surgeon's knife the hideous ulcers, the angry flesh and the rotting bones which others had so decorously hidden beneath the flowers of their fancy. Historically, it may be that Rousseau in his *Confessions* gave the first suggestion of the tremendous force which lies in naked truth; but if so, it was only a suggestion; and in fiction, at any rate, the beginnings must be traced to Stendhal. Realism, however, was not a creation or a rediscovery of any one particular man. Its germ was in the air. It was and is essentially consistent with the whole tone of modern thought, which limits the scope of the imagination, rejects illusions and demands in a spirit of hardy skepticism to view the thing that is, rather than the thing that seems to be. Democracy in politics, rationalism in theology, materialism in philosophy and realism in literature, are very closely linked together; and they are, one and all, simply different phases of the same mood and the same mental attitude toward life. The centuries of dreaminess have gone by forever, and to-day man looks with keen, unclouded vision into the verities of his existence, asking no one to prophesy smooth things, but banishing illusions, uncovering nakedness, and facing with a certain hard composure born of cynicism the ghastly facts that render human life so terrible.

This being so, it is not surprising that whithersoever we may turn in the history of modern fiction we find traces of the tendency away from the romantic, and not least of all in the very romanticists themselves. Even as early as Chateaubriand, whom literary historians are wont to style "the Father of Romanticism," you can detect resemblances to the later development of Realism, and even of Naturalism. His curious, nauseating book, *René,* is from one point of view almost the prototype of *A Rebours;* for in each of these apparently antithetical studies the central theme of morbid egoism affects the reader in precisely the same way, so that René is morally the twin brother of Des Esseintes. Indeed, Chateaubriand's debilitating story goes even farther and invokes in certain of its episodes the stark monstrosity upon what Mendès in our own time reared the structure of that shameful and vertiginous delirium, *Zo'har;* and in Victor Hugo, too, there are innumerable chapters that are realistic in the fullest meaning of the word. A single scene of *Notre Dame,* where in the Cour des Miracles all the leprous, loathsome life of the social sewer is revealed to us by an effective *tour de force,* may be safely set beside anything that Zola ever wrote for its sheer lavishness in squalour, its multitudinous heaping up of sordid and unsavoury details, and a certain breadth and sweep in its vivid rhyparography which render it a sort of minor epic of the slums.

The general drift of the realistic movement from Stendhal to Flaubert is too well known for recapitulation here. We see it mingled with idealistic tendencies in the colossal life-work of Balzac; we find it meretriciously, yet most effectively, appearing in *Germinie Lacerteux* of the brothers Goncourt, a book which doubtless gave to Zola many a subtle hint; it reaches absolute perfection with *Madame Bovary,* into which novel Flaubert laboriously distilled the thought and observation and minutely technical stylistic preciosity of a lifetime. Realism, as such, can never go beyond what Flaubert carefully wrought for us in this one exquisitely-finished etching, of which every line is bitten out as by an acid upon metal, and

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of which, in consequence, the sombre memory can never die. Nothing that Stendhal wrote, no single work of Balzac even, is comparable with this depressing masterpiece of Gustave Flaubert, whose art is flawless as a gem, and whose accurate dissection of the human soul is as disquieting as the sting of an awakened conscience. After Flaubert came Zola, not to work further miracles in the name of Realism, but to give to Realism a new development and to call it Naturalism.

It should be always borne in mind that Émile Zola never was, in any sense, Parisian. It is only on his mother's side, indeed, that he was French. His father was of Italian origin. His grandmother was a Greek of Corfu. The influence of atavism, which he himself selected as the central motive of his most striking studies, is clearly seen in Émile Zola. From his Italian father, the successful engineer and would-be author, came the ambition for great achievement, the love of letters, the passion and energy of an intense nature, and the imagination of a tragic poet. To the Greek strain in him is to be ascribed an instinctive love of beauty, which by a curious psychological permutation he displays so often in an inverted form. From his Norman mother came the steadiness and shrewdness which stamp the *bourgeoisie* of Northern France. His childhood, like that of Balzac, was passed wholly *en province,* away from Paris, in the freedom and healthfulness of the country; and it was only when the years of early manhood came that the youthful Zola was thrust into the strife and turmoil of Parisian life to make his own way, quite unfriended and pitifully poor in the most beautiful and most heartless city of our modern world. Some account of the squalid years through which he lived in that depressing period he gave himself not long ago in these very pages; yet even he was chary of recalling too particularly all he saw and felt and suffered. In the foul environment of an *hôtel borgne* he beheld about him every type of want and degradation and debauchery. His eyes perpetually rested on strange scenes of sin and shame in that underworld where men and women herd together, reduced by pitiless despair to the condition of mere animals, knowing no law but the law of their own appetites and preying upon one another to satisfy their hunger, their greed, or the craving of their elemental lusts. His senses felt the heavy burden of physical distress in all the sights and sounds and smells of that unsavoury habitation. The greasy stairs, the oozing walls, the pungent stenches as from a wild beast's lair, the darkness even at midday, the wailing of diseased and dying children, the vociferous obscenities of the brutal bully, the yell of the enraged prostitute who is cheated of her hire, and the whimpering and maundering of the sodden drunkard on the landing—who that has once set foot within the walls of such a place for even a brief moment has not had the loathsome memory of it burned into his brain forever?

Yet for two long years amid these scenes of physical and moral horror into which he had come straight from the sweet tranquillity of the sunlit meadows, young Zola lived and learned by heart the lesson of it all. Even then the creative impulse was strong upon him. At night (the only time that was his own) he shut himself within his miserable room, and when he could afford the luxury of a candle he wrote, with fingers numbed by cold, such stories as would in imagination free him most completely from the squalours that oppressed him. He was still an idealist at heart, and perhaps the illusions of his boyhood still cast their spell upon him; for there was as yet no trace in either subject or in style of the Zola whom the world best knows. Romantic fancies came most readily from his pen, and, strange as it may appear, he even gave his thoughts expression in poetic form. At last, however, his circumstances gradually improved. He secured a very humble place in the publishing house of Hachette, and in 1864 saw his first book issue from the press. This book was the collection entitled *Contes à Ninon,* than which nothing could be more unlike the later Zola. It brought him nothing in the way of money, but it made him friends, and he began to write ephemeral articles for the press while still continuing his work in fiction. Entrusted with the art criticism in the *Figaro,* he wrote with a boldness and a vigorous independence which defied restraint, so that he soon lost the post in gaining enemies, among them the editor

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himself, the influential Villemessant. Almost at the same time, a novel of his, *La Confession de Claude,* to which the censorship objected, led to the severance of his connection with Hachette, so that for a time he was once more thrown upon his own resources, the precarious earnings of his pen. These facts alone are quite sufficient to convince a reasonable mind that Zola from the very outset of his career possessed the courage of his convictions, and that no man was less likely than he to sell his literary conscience for a price.

Success came to him very slowly. He was long in finding what it was he wished to do, and in concentrating his intensely energetic nature on the task. The first clear light that dawned upon him was when he wrote *Thérèse Raquin,* forever to be ranked among his masterpieces, and standing almost alone as a searching, horrifying study of remorse, of which Vapereau remarks that it depicts "adultery taking refuge in murder and finding only agony." Yet remarkable as is this novel, its interest for us is less than that inspired by the first of the Rougon-Macquart series, *La Fortune des Rougon,* which appeared in 1871. With this book the author once for all sets foot upon sure ground, and in the plan which he had outlined two years before, he shows a consciousness of his own great powers and boldly challenges comparison with Balzac.

In setting forth his purpose in commencing this *Histoire Naturelle et Sociale d'une Famille sous le Second Empire* he wrote of it as follows:

> I desire to explain how a single family, a little group of human beings, comes into relations with society at large, as it increases by begetting and giving birth to ten or twenty individuals, who, though at first sight they seem quite dissimilar, when analysed reveal how intimately they are bound together, since heredity has laws as well as mathematics. The members of the family Rougon-Macquart, the one group that it is my purpose to depict, have as a family trait the gnawing of lust, of appetite that leaps to its gratification. Historically they are a part of the people; they make themselves felt by contemporary society; they rise to see spheres of life by that characteristically modern impulse which the lower classes feel; and thus they explain the Second Empire by their individual histories.

In these words Zola introduced that remarkable group of twenty novels, beginning with *La Fortune des Rougon* and ending in 1893 with *Le Docteur Pascal.* To this group belongs the very best of all that Zola did. When it was finished he had done all that makes him a distinctive figure in the world of letters. The plan of the series, sketched in 1869, was based upon a genealogy which he had carefully worked out. In this genealogy the starting point is with Pierre Rougon of Plassans, his half-brother Antoine Macquart, and his half-sister Ursula Macquart. The mother of the three developed a congenital neurotic disorder, which appears and reappears in her descendants of two generations, these being the principal characters of the different books. Lisa, in *Le Ventre de Paris,* exhibits a clinging, cloying sensuality; Gervaise, in *L'Assommoir,* reverts to the alcoholism of her grandfather; Nana, in the novel of that name, typifies triumphant harlotry; Jacques, in *La Bête Humaine,* is cursed with homicidal mania; while in the Rougon branch of the family, the protagonists exhibit an intense ambition, as for money in *L'Argent,* for scientific achievement as in *Docteur Pascal,* for political power in *Son Excellence Eugène Rougon,* where Zola has drawn with a sure, firm touch the portrait of Napoleon Third's powerful minister, Eugène Rouher. These are but a few of the ramifications of the Rougon-Macquart stock; yet it will be seen, even from this incomplete enumeration, how many sides of life the author necessarily touches in delineating them —from the garret, the *brasserie* and the gutter, to the camp, the Bourse and the imperial palace.

Some timid, twittering literary scribblers have sapiently asked of late whether Zola's works will live. The question is the acme of fatuity. That all he wrote will live, in the sense that it will be generally read, is, of course untrue. In this sense it can not be said of any modern author, outside, perhaps, of a group of three or four, that his work will live. Zola was a very prolific writer, and his successes were surpassed in number by his failures. Even now few persons who are not professional students of literature know anything of *La Confession de Claude* or *Madeleine*

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Férat or *Celle Qui M'Aime;* and before long, many of Zola's other novels, such as *La Joie de Vivre* and *L'Œuvre,* and that glorified guide-book, *Rome,* with his other books of the past ten years, will be remembered by their titles only. Not all of the Rougon-Macquart series will stand the test of time. *L'Argent* and *Germinal* and *La Terre* will always find some readers among the discriminating, though not belonging to the imperishable literature of the world. Out of the whole mass of Zola's works, however, there loom up three colossal masterpieces, so wonderful, so overwhelming in the evidence of genius which they afford, and so impossible to forget, as to be assured of an unquestioned immortality. These three masterpieces are *L'Assommoir, Nana* and *La Débâcle,* and they are linked so closely in their purpose and in the development of one dominant idea, as to form a trilogy from which no member can be removed. They are the residuum—the enduring residuum—of the whole ambitious series of the Rougon-Macquart; and they, above and apart from any of their companion volumes, effect the purpose which Zola formed in 1869 of explaining through the medium of fiction the social life and the political decadence of the Second Empire. This is precisely what these three extraordinary books accomplish, and in writing them their author was inspired far more than perhaps he ever knew. For the three exhibit an unbroken sequence, and they work out with all the precision and the sureness of a scientific demonstration the thesis which was in the writer's mind. In *L'Assommoir* we have to do with individuals; in Nana, with society; in *La Débâcle,* with an entire nation. In *L'Assommoir* there are exhibited to us the vicious influences which beset the proletariat, the leaven of evil and uncleanness working amidst the haunts and hovels of the degraded poor. In *Nana* the poison spreads and eats its way like a cancer into the homes of those who live in the great world. In *La Débâcle* we see a chivalrous and gallant nation infected with the foul disease, and smitten to the earth because of the rottenness that has eaten out its manhood and destroyed its strength.

L'Assommoir, as we have said, deals with individuals, the central figures being the *blanchisseuse,* Gervaise, and her husband, the tinsmith Coupeau. Gervaise is one of the most pathetic characters in fiction—and all the more so because she is drawn so simply and so naturally, and because there is not the slightest touch of the melodramatic in her story, no high lights such as Hugo loved, no false sentiment and no moralising. She is a figure stepping before us straight out of life itself. A womanly, affectionate, naturally gentle creature, she appears in the first chapters of the book as the cast-off mistress of a vulgar *maquereau,* one Lantier, whom she has sincerely loved, but who has suddenly deserted her and her children. In time she meets the tinsmith Coupeau, who marries her, and with whom she begins her life anew with every prospect of a good, hard-working, happy, uneventful, every-day existence. But Coupeau meets with an accident which disables him for a while and he acquires the habits of idleness and drink. He lives upon his wife; she also takes to drink; and there begins a gradual degradation which is detailed with patient minuteness through all its squalid, shameful, sickening stages until it ends in a dog's death for both: Gervaise a bedraggled street-walker, sodden, hopeless and void of any feeling, even of despair, and Coupeau a furious maniac, meeting his end with frantic yells of horror at the hideous fancies of his gin-crazed brain. Around these two poor wretches the action of the story surges, panoramic in its multitudinous life, gigantic in its sweep and breadth and terrific in its concentrated vitriolic power. The whole stratum of that world to which Gervaise and Lantier and Coupeau belong is revealed so vividly and so unsparingly that there is nothing left to ask or tell. We know not merely the Coupeau *ménage,* but we know also a whole swarm of human beings, each one distinctly individualised,—artisans, petty shopkeepers, policemen, washerwomen, bullies, panders, drabs and drunkards—the whole population of the slums. There are some *genre* pictures in the book that are extraordinary in their stark veracity—the marriage of Gervaise at the *mairie,* and the wedding breakfast at the Moulin d'Argent; and later in the book the maudlin revel amid which Lantier, the former lover of Gervaise, once more ap-

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pears as a bird of evil omen. Heart-rending is the story of the poor, patient child, Lalie, whose drunken father, Bijard, flogs her to make her dance for him until she says quite gently and very simply: "Je ne puis pas, comprends-tu? Je vais mourir. . . . Sois gentil à cette heure, et dis-moi adieu, papa." And among the most awful of all episodes in fiction is the chapter where Gervaise, tempted by Lantier to renew her old relations with him, returns to her home to find her husband stretched across their chamber floor, helpless with drink and wallowing in his vomit, so that Gervaise, repelled and overcome by the sickening sight, yields to Lantier's entreaties and passes with him into the inner room, while her child, Nana, unobserved, peers through the dusky window with eyes illumined by a vicious curiosity.

In *L'Assommoir* is best studied the climax of Zola's so-called Naturalism, which has been defined as "an attempt to reach the beast in man . . . the beast which his [the writer's] temperament leads him always to see and to see exexclusively. A swarming, huddled mass of grovelling creatures, each hounded by his foul appetites of greed and lust." And Zola finds the beast unerringly; nor does he spare us one detail of its bestiality. His beasts growl in the language of their kind. Those words which one is startled to behold in print are all set down with an unflinching accuracy. The oaths, the blasphemies, the obscenities of the vilest of men and women, their strange, repulsive *argot,* half-unintelligible yet full of sinister significance, are reproduced for us, and show the knowledge gleaned in the unsavoury precincts of the *hôtel borgne.* For Zola has a purpose in his frankness. He desires us to see as in a sociological clinic the muck-heaps over which society has builded, that he may prepare us for a demonstration of the logical result.

Such a demonstration is given us in *Nana.* The purpose of this book is admirably described by an American critic, Mr. Hazeltine, as an attempt to show us how the crushed and mud-stained rabble inflicts upon the classes that are gorged with wealth and insolent with power a kind of hideous retribution. Nana is the daughter of Gervaise, born among the lowest haunts of Paris and nurtured in close proximity to the gutters. Depraved even as a child by association with other children prematurely initiated into every form of vice, she breathes of sensuality and exhales the very aroma of lasciviousness, so that men of every rank and station feel her strange, tormenting physical fascination. Yet she is not herself a devotee of passion for its own sake. She loves as the caprice of the moment moves her—now the inexperienced boy whom she corrupts, now the aristocratic courtier, and again and perhaps most of all, the goat-faced acrobat, Fontan, who beats her and who lives upon her shameful earnings. But she is, first and foremost, wanton greed personified. To quote again:

> She is conceived as some fair ogress into whose yawning cave multitudes of men in hurried and endless procession descend and are engulfed. There is room for all ranks and grades of this social hierarchy. . . . It is merely indispensable that each shall bring an offering of some kind in his hand. He that cannot defray the charge of the establishment may pay the dressmaker; another shall furnish pin-money; another trinkets and bouquets. There is a certain breadth and grandeur in her insatiate greed and comprehensive harlotry; her net drags great and small; she seems to have infected a whole city. . . . She has grown like a rank weed amid the garbage of the Parisian pavement; she has the gorged luxuriance of a plant whose turgid leaves betray its compost bed. With the superb curves of her delicate flesh she avenges the beggars and outcasts who gave her birth. She becomes a malignant force of nature, a pestiferous yeast, tainting and disintegrating Paris, turning it sour like curdled milk. In one chapter she is compared to a gold-spangled horsefly, spawned from ordure, hovering above the carrion that lies rotting by the wayside, sending vermin from its putrescence, and poisoning the wayfarer whose cheek it brushes with its fetid wing. . . . At length the task of ruin and death is completed; wretchedness has spent its store of venom; Nana has exacted blood-money for her bruised and smarting kindred; the beggar and the outcast are avenged.

The whole book is a minute and startling study of the infection not only of Paris but of France; and its multiplicity

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of details and its extraordinary first-hand knowledge of the darker side of Parisian social life astonish and appal. For Nana is only one of a number of her kind who flit across the scene; and in the tainting influence which they exercise, we feel instinctively the doom of an Empire in which a plague-spot such as this is festering and spreading. It is not alone the meretricious wantonness of Nana that we recognise; it is the presence in the background, of influences far more sinister than hers. The enigmatical episode of Mme. Laure and the implications in the story of the girl Satin are full of strangely baleful import when read between the lines. And, as the book proceeds, we see more and more that the menace of its meaning is more than a menace to mere individuals, and that the very vitals of a nation are growing putrid with disease and death. The last few pages indicate almost symbolically the doom that is impending over France; for while Nana lies dying, with her once seductive face transformed by smallpox into a repulsive mask, we hear outside the rabble, drunken with war's blood-madness, give utterance to that frantic cry of "À Berlin! À Berlin!"

La Débâcle shows the garnered fruits of what has gone before. A debased and brutalised proletariat, corrupting its masters with the noxious vices that rise from the social cesspools into the mansions of the great, has done its work, and now the moment comes when the ruin is revealed. France, challenged in her supremacy, has thrown down the gage of war, and the trumpets sound to battle. The helmeted hosts of Germany have crossed the Rhine; the trail of their huge columns desecrates French soil. The old martial ardour leaps again to life, the *furor Gallicus* flames up once more, apparently as invincible as in the days of Jena and of Austerlitz. But alas! France is herself no longer. Her brain has been drugged by years of luxury; her energy is sapped by vice; she reels and totters to her fall. Here individuals no longer count; and Zola rises to an epic vastness of execution as he draws that masterful picture of blended defiance and despair in the armies which go forth like misdirected mobs—their aimless marching and countermarching, their woeful lack of leadership, their pitiful privation in the midst of plenty, until at last their splendid courage becomes abject cowardice when they are paralysed by the terrible conviction that they have been betrayed. The vividness of all this portion of the story is indescribable. The reader is hurried on with breathless interest from scene to scene—the bloody struggle at Bazeilles, the horrors of Sedan, the glaring flames that mark the triumph of the mad Commune. And here and there we get a glimpse of the infinitely mournful figure of the Third Napoleon, dragged along at the tail of his army, unnoticed, helpless and despairing, as his haggard face, made still more ghastly by its rouge, peers forth above the golden bees that symbolise his fallen dynasty. For sustained and almost savage power, it is safe to say that no prose work of the nineteenth century can fully equal *La Débâcle*.

The two writers with whom Zola must inevitably be compared are Balzac and Victor Hugo,—Balzac because the whole conception of the Rougon-Macquart was suggested by the *Comédie Humaine;* and Hugo because he, too, like Zola, was dynamic in his method. The comparison with Balzac only leaves us with a heightened sense of that great master's sure supremacy. Not merely was his plan the vaster, but although his death left it unfinished in details, he really did complete it and at the moment of his death was still possessed of all his pristine power. There is no part of the *Comédie Humaine* that any lover of immortal genius can neglect or overlook; while Zola, working out a smaller plan, grew weary of his task, and wrote the last book of the series with a flagging, hesitating pen. But with Hugo the comparison brings out into the clearest possible relief the immense superiority of Zola. For while Hugo is at times stupendous in the gigantic energy with which he works, he never ceases to impress us as theatrical. At the best he is less dramatic than melodramatic; and while we admire and are astonished, it is with the kind of admiration and astonishment that we give to a carefully prepared and gorgeous spectacle upon the stage. We marvel at the ingenuity of his effects; but even as we marvel we find ourselves considering them a miracle of stage management rather than a spontaneous creation of artistic genius. With

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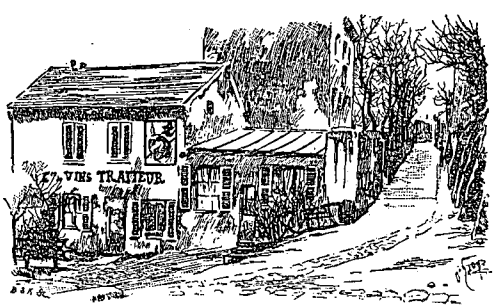
him sublimity shades off into the grotesque, and his most tremendous imagery forever trembles upon the verge of the fantastic. He knew not when to stay his hand, and the unerring instinct which teaches the true artist where to pause was never his. He is sometimes magnificent, but he is oftener *bizarre*. The eternal vanity of Hugo, his self-consciousness, and his *pose* make almost everything he wrote ring false. But with Zola the case is otherwise. The great, unbending, pitiless sincerity of the man grips you as in a vise, and at his best he masters emotion, imagination and belief with a spell which it is impossible to break. Compare the greatest scenes in Hugo—that of the devil-fish in *Les Travailleurs de la Mer,* that of the life and death struggle in *Bug-Jargal,* that of the battle between man and cannon in *Quatre Vingt Treize*—with the most famous things in Zola, and the difference is the difference between the acted tragedy of the theatre and the crushing, poignant tragedies of human life.

Since Shakespeare's time no English writer, with the possible exception of Sir Walter Scott, has arisen fit to be compared with any one of these great Frenchmen for sheer vitality and overwhelming power. How cold and pale our Anglo-Saxon fiction looks beside the splendid unrestraint of the masterpieces of French genius! Even Thackeray seems merely an amiable, mildly cynical, grandfatherly sort of person when we come to him straight from the reading of *Cousine Bette* or *L'Assommoir,* while Dickens shrinks to the proportions of a Cockney sentimentalist whose maudlin moments are varied with sporadic bursts of forced buffoonery. Whatever France has come to be among the political forces of the world, her sons still keep the flame of genius brilliantly aglow. And not the least among them was Émile Zola—in temperament an epic poet, in ambition a literary sociologist, in fact a Cyclopean panoramic artist. Of his own theories and of his own motives nothing new can now be said, nor does it matter what one thinks of them. His work speaks for itself; and literary annalists who know and understand that work must now record the fact that in his death a mighty elemental influence has passed away from earth.

Harry Thurston Peck.

ÉMILE ZOLA'S PARIS

With the possible exception of Balzac, there is no French novelist of the nineteenth century who has studied the topography of Paris so minutely, or interwoven the network of her streets and boulevards so inextricably into the very warp and woof of his romances, as Émile Zola. Certainly there is none who on almost every page has revealed such an enthusiastic, almost sensuous, pleasure in every aspect of the motley life of the French capital. One closes the last of the Rougon-Macquart series with a deep-rooted impression that within one or another of those twenty volumes all Paris is summed up with all the glowing colour of a Théophile Gautier and a detail and a comprehensiveness not to be duplicated in a Baedeker. Nevertheless, the antiquarian of future centuries who attempts to restore the Paris of the Second Empire with the help of Zola will be sorely exasperated by all that he has left unsaid. It is not merely that the great monuments of the city are for the most part excluded. That is natural enough. Zola was by instinct too true an artist to drag his characters from Louvre to Luxembourg, from Notre Dame to the Madeleine, for the mere sake of securing an effective architectural background. What one misses



THE CABARET OF THE ASSASSINS. AN OUTPOST OF THE CITY OF NAPLES."—ZOLA'S "L'ARGENT."

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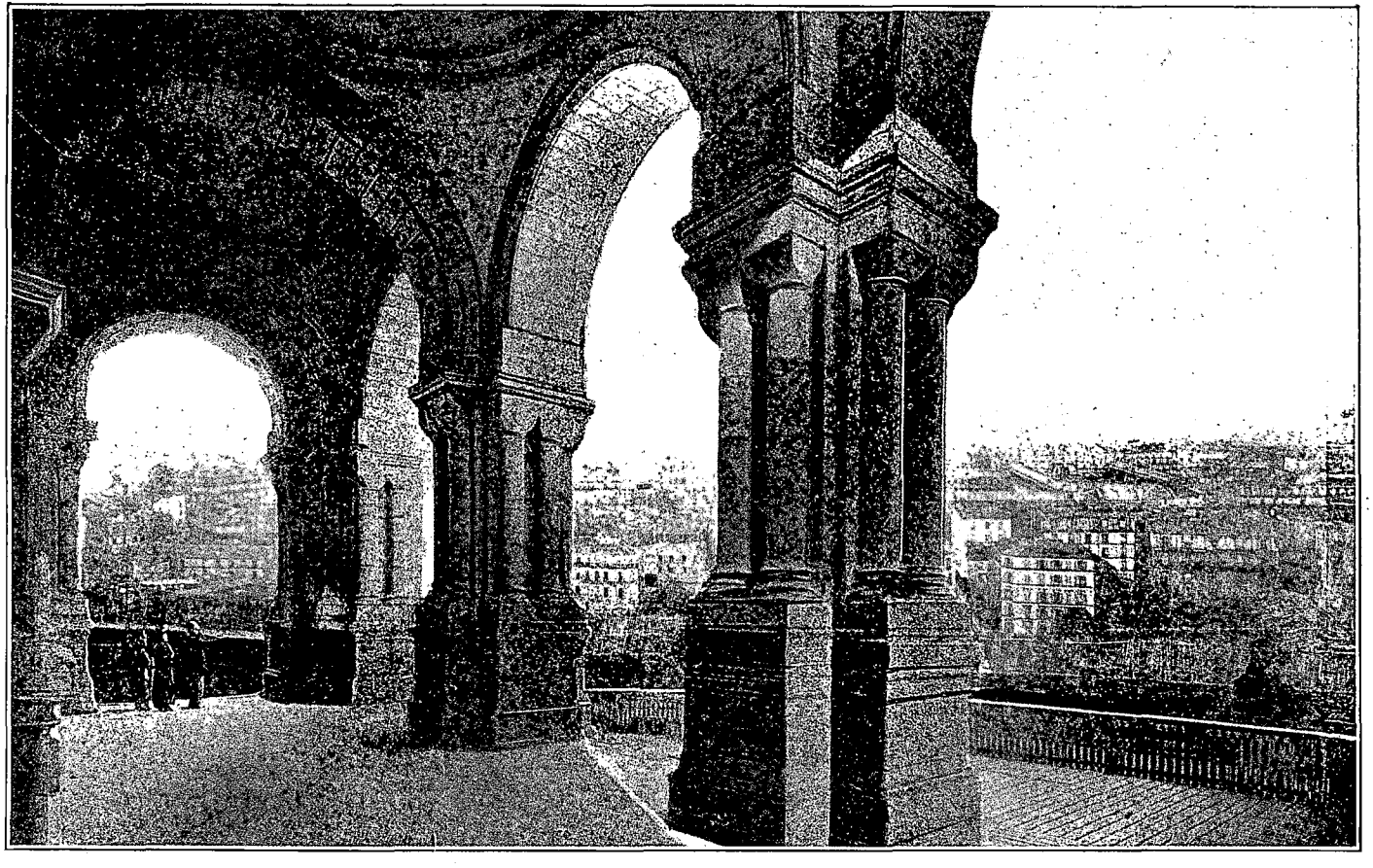

PARIS AS SEEN BY THE ABBÉ PIERRE, FROM THE CHURCH OF THE SACRÉ CŒUR ON THE SUMMIT OF MONTMARTRE.—ZOLA'S "PARIS."

"Paris lying like a gigantic lizard in the sun."

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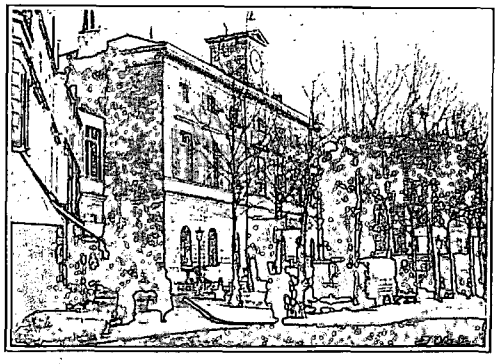
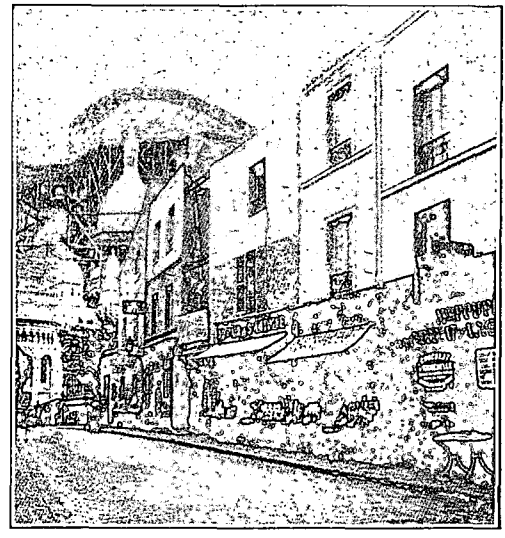


THE MAIRIE OF MONTMARTRE.—ZOLA'S "PARIS" AND "L'ARGENT."

in the Rougon-Macquarts is of a far more subtle nature—the little details, the minute observations, which render the physiognomy of a particular street, a particular corner, a particular house, individual, distinct from all other streets or corners or houses in the world. Some authors have a gift of summing up a shop or a tavern in a brief, unforgettable phrase, that leaves the reader with a sense that he would pick out that spot instantly from a thousand others of its kind. Zola seldom leaves this impression. He is far more apt to mention casually that a certain character lives at the corner of such-and-such a street, or at the last house on the left, or in the new five-story building half-way down the block. The truth is that Zola's gaze is usually bent upon bigger things, absorbed in the vast panoramas that his restless brain was forever evolving. His outlook upon the city is as through a wide-angled lense, including in its comprehensive sweep the whole horizon—a vast kaleidoscopic medley of colour, a babel of blending sounds, a thronging, jostling crowd of massed humanity. It may be frankly conceded that no other modern writer is Zola's equal in giving the effect of the surge and roar of traffic in a great city; the bustle and confusion of a department store on bargain day; the nightly army of pleasure-seekers on the lighted boulevards; the army of traffickers in purchasable vice—in short, the portrayal of unchained human energy and passions on a broad scale, whether it be the flood of vulgar abuse poured from kitchen to kitchen like dirty water down the back stairs of an apartment house, or the fury of a maddened populace culminating in riots, incendiarism, and the wholesale destruction of the Commune.

The pictures of Paris which linger longest in the memory are the comprehensive bird's-eye views that recur again and again in Zola's books. The love of the sky-line of Paris, the wide sweep of horizon broken by the twin towers of Notre Dame, by the Panthéon, the Invalides, the Tour Saint-Jacques, is with Zola almost a cult. He studies it from every point of view and at all hours of day and night—under the glow of sunrise, in the dull greys of cloud and rain, and when at twilight the vast waving surface of roofs take on the faint bluish tinge of the open sea. He loves especially to study it through the medium of other temperaments—through the eyes of Hélène Mouret from her little house in Passy, of Renée in her girlhood on the Isle Saint Louis, or of Aristide Saccard as he gazes from the heights of the Buttes Montmartre, with his heart aglow with avaricious dreams for the future.

There is much of the Paris of to-day in that wonderful third part of *Les Trois Villes,* that daring attempt to epitomise the life of a city in a single volume. There is something of the Paris of to-morrow in *Les Quatre Évangiles,* and there would undoubtedly have been more yet had the author lived to finish the series. But what will always be remembered as specifically Zola's Paris is the



THE RUE BARRÈS.—ZOLA'S "PARIS."

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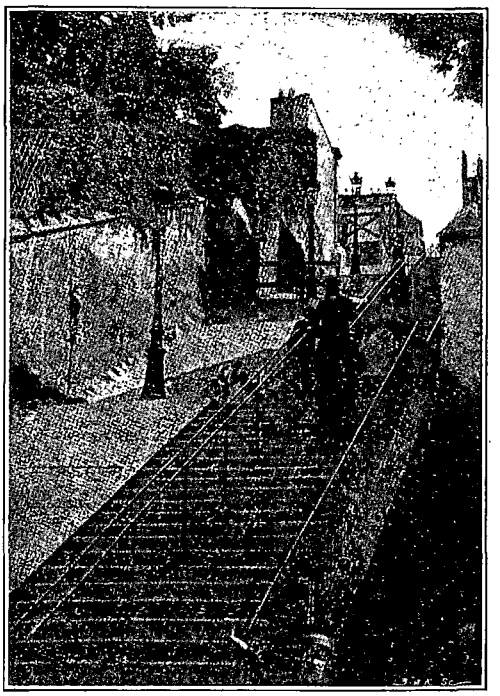
Paris of the Second Empire, the Paris that Saccard looked down upon from the restaurant of the Buttes Montmartre in the days when many a curious tangle of quaint old streets, already condemned, awaited their executioner; when the elaborate system of new avenues and exterior boulevards projected by Baron Haussmann to give new strategic strength to the city as yet existed mainly on paper, and that broad residential section radiating starlike from the Arc de Triomphe was largely a dream of the future. As a government clerk in the Hôtel-de-Ville, Saccard had had opportunities for learning just where the new avenues were to run, which of the old buildings were to be condemned, and how their value was to be appraised and compensation made. And as he looked down from the heights of Montmartre his brain of born speculator and gambler for the first time conceived a gigantic scheme for using this knowledge as a source of future wealth; and his tongue, loosened by the mellowing influence of burgundy, vaguely outlined it to the faded, sickly wife who accompanied him. It was characteristic of Saccard that he afterwards regretted this burst of frankness and felt a sense of relief when the tired, ailing woman at last "took his indiscrete confidences with her beneath the sod."

Montmartre figures in Zola's novels more frequently than any other of the faubourgs of Paris. It was in Montmartre that Mme. Mechain, the professional blackmailer in *L'Argent,* collected rents from her labyrinth of filthy hovels, known as "The City of Naples." And it was here that Saccard's forgotten son, Victor, came to light to trouble him on the eve of new prosperity. *Paris* is full of illusions to Montmartre; one always thinks of it in connection with Pierre Froment as he stood gazing down upon Paris, "lying stretched out, like a lizard in the sun." It was in Montmartre that Claude Lantier, in *L'Œuvre,* found a new studio when his old one in the Rue Douai proved too cramped. He found it back of the cemetery, on the Rue Tourlaque, an old, tumble-down, abandoned tannery, letting in sun and rain through gaping cracks, but which none the less forms the home of the Lantiers until the morning when Christine finds him hanging from a ladder in front of his last picture, his grotesque idealisation of womanhood.

But aside from this portion of *L'Œuvre* and from *Une Page d'Amour,* the action of which passes mainly in Passy; and *L'Assommoir,* confined for the most part to the neighbourhood of the old abattoirs; a circle described with a radius of half a mile and the Bank of France for the centre, would, roughly speaking, embrace the Paris of the Rougon-Macquarts. Such a circle would include practically all the scenes of *Le Ventre de Paris,* centering in the Halles; of



THE DESCENT FROM MONTMARTRE.—ZOLA'S "PARIS" AND "L'ARGENT."

L'Argent and the life of the Bourse; of *Pot-Bouille* and *Au Bonheur des Dames;* and the greater part of *Nana, Eugène Rougon* and *La Curée.* In the last-named novel, to be sure, Saccard chooses the neighbourhood of the Parc Monceau for the site of his sumptuous hotel, built in imitation of the new Louvre and paid for with the proceeds of his first big speculation in condemned houses—the property owned by his second wife, Renée, on the Rue de la Pépinière, and torn down to give passage to the Boulevard Male-

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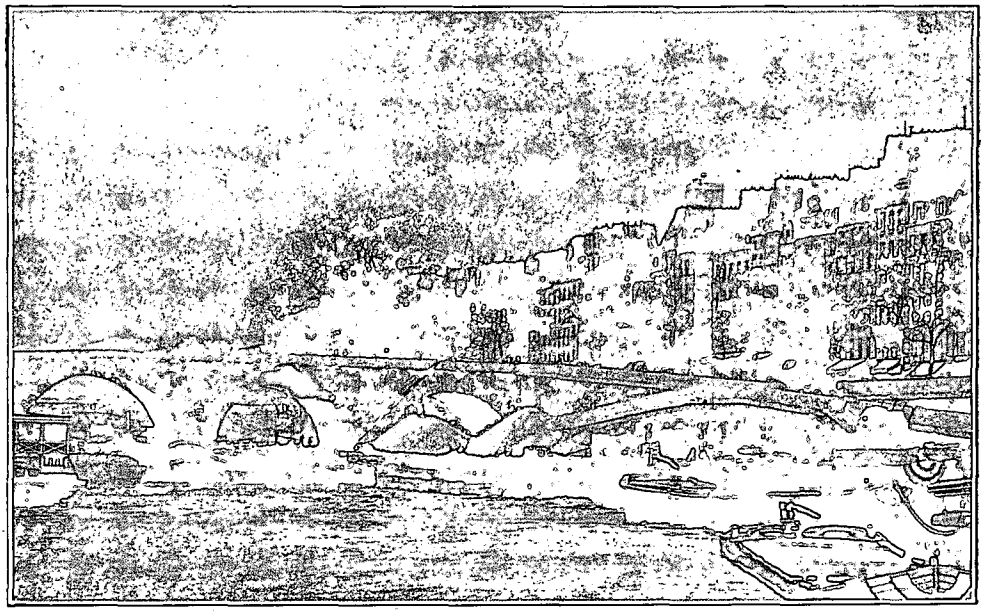
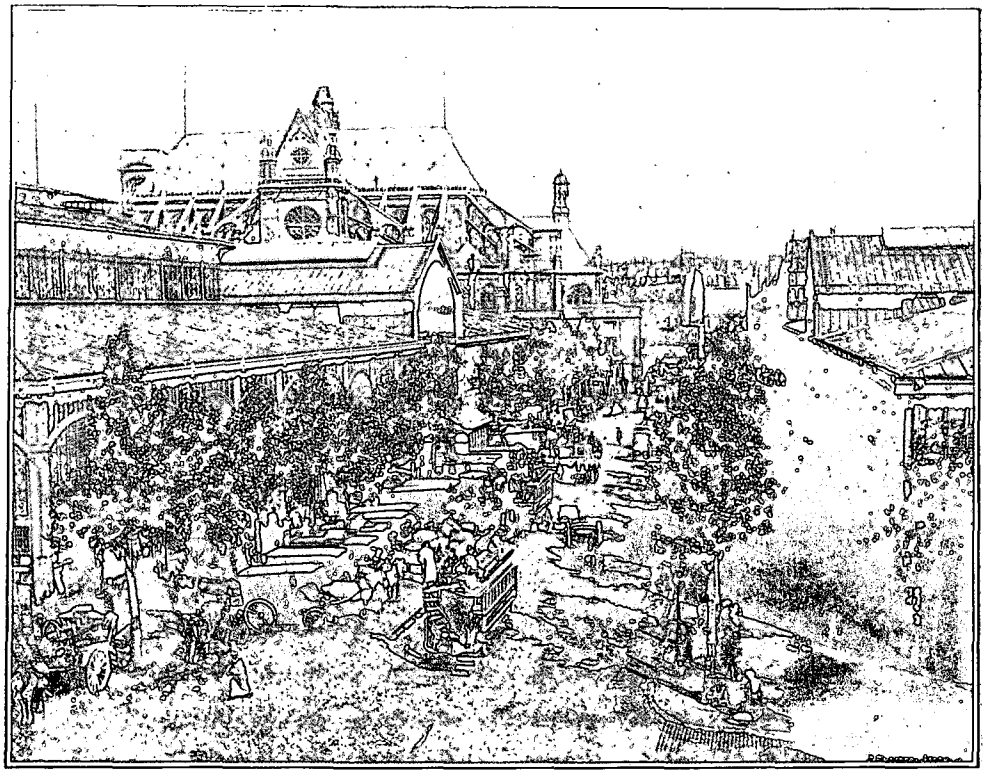


THE RIGHT BANK FROM CLAUDE LANTIER'S STUDIO.—"L'ŒUVRE."

"The long flat line of old hotels ranged along the Seine."



LES HALLES.—"LE VENTRE DE PARIS."

"A vast central organ, beating furiously, driving the blood of life into all the city's veins."

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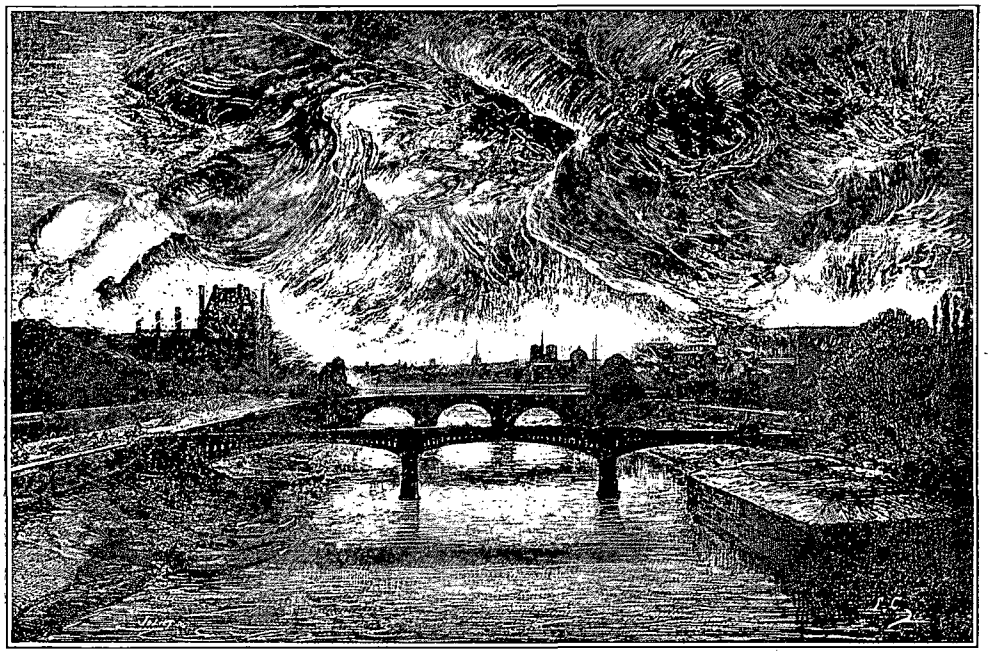
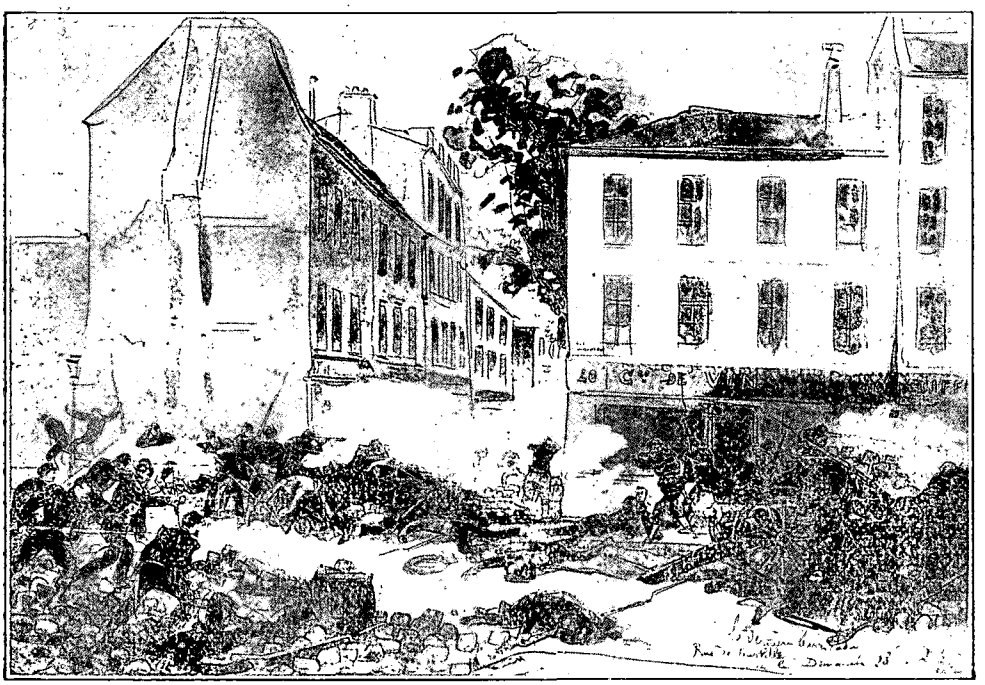


PARIS BURNING DURING THE COMMUNE.

"They descended slowly, following the current of this burning river, between palaces in flames, as though it were a measureless avenue in an accursed city burning on both sides with pavements of molten lava."—*La Débâcle.*



THE LAST BARRICADE OF THE COMMUNE.—"LA DÉBÂCLE."

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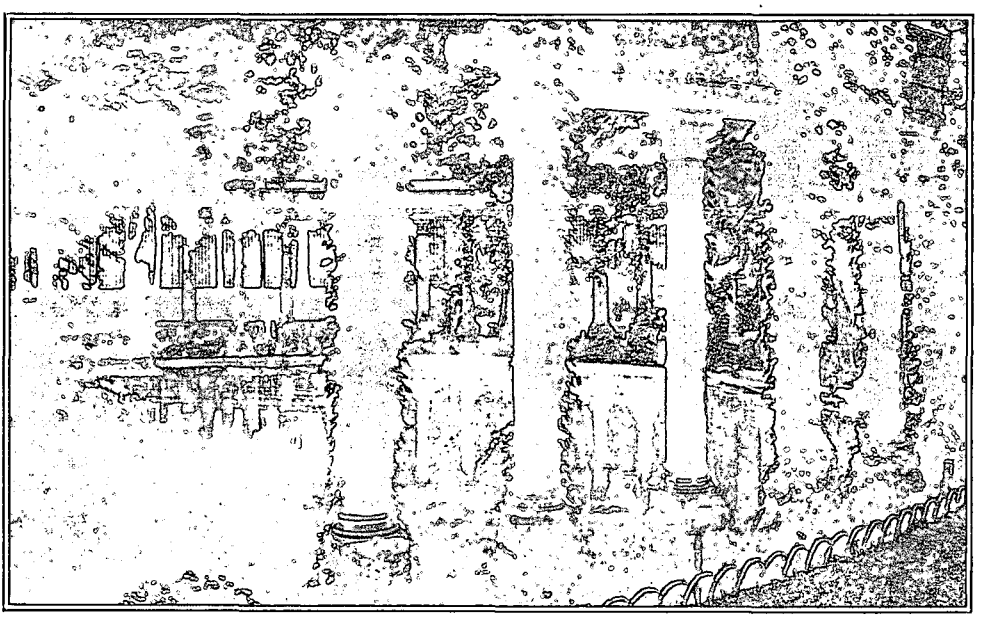
sherbes. It seems a pity that this whole corner of Paris—the Bois de Boulogne, the Arc de Triomphe, the quiet little Parc Monceau, with its tranquil lake where Renée begged Maxime to take her for a midnight row—should have no other association in the Rougon-Macquarts than with Renée's unnatural passion for her stepson, an association pervading it like a miasma.

Much of *La Curée,* however, belongs within our imaginary half-mile circle. It is there on the Boulevard des Italiens, at the Café Anglais and elsewhere, that Saccard *père* and Saccard *fils,* arm in arm, nightly sowed their wild oats together. It was in the adjacent Rue Basse-du-Rempart that Renée forced Maxime to take her to a ball given by the demi-mondaine, Blanche Muller; and the evening, with its infamous sequel, ended in the white and gold chamber of the Café Riche, "furnished with the coquetries of a boudoir," with its atmosphere of stale passions, its tell-tale record of names scratched upon the mirror, and the obsequious Charles bowing on the threshold with his perfunctory offer of a comb. Beneath the windows of the Café Riche passes the ceaseless parorama of nocturnal pleasure-seekers; and even through closely-drawn shutters the nightly babel of noises finds its way, and the chamber vibrates to the heavy rumbling of the omnibuses from the Batignolles passing at five-minute intervals.

In the old Théâtre des Italiens, from which the boulevard takes its name, Renée and Maxime saw Ristori in Phedre, a play fraught with such tragic significance for them. Close at hand is the Passage des Panoramas, where Saccard, in *L'Argent,* detects pretty little Mme. Conin coming from a rendezvous; and where Count Muffat impatiently awaits the exit of Nana from the adjacent Théâtre des Variétés. Nana, it will be remembered, was installed by her Russian count in an apartment on the recently finished Boulevard Haussmann, and it is there that she brutally tells him of his wife's appointment with Fauchéry in the neighbouring Rue Taitbout. Muffat's roundabout route to Fauchéry's apartments along the Rue de la Grange-Batelière and the Faubourg Montmartre, his midnight vigil under Fauchéry's windows and his early morning visit to the church of La Trinité to offer a helpless prayer afford Zola an opportunity for a description of the all-night activity in Paris streets, and the gradual awakening of the city in the morning, equalled only by the analogous description in *Le Ven-*



THE LAKE IN THE PARC MONCEAU.—"LA CURÉE."

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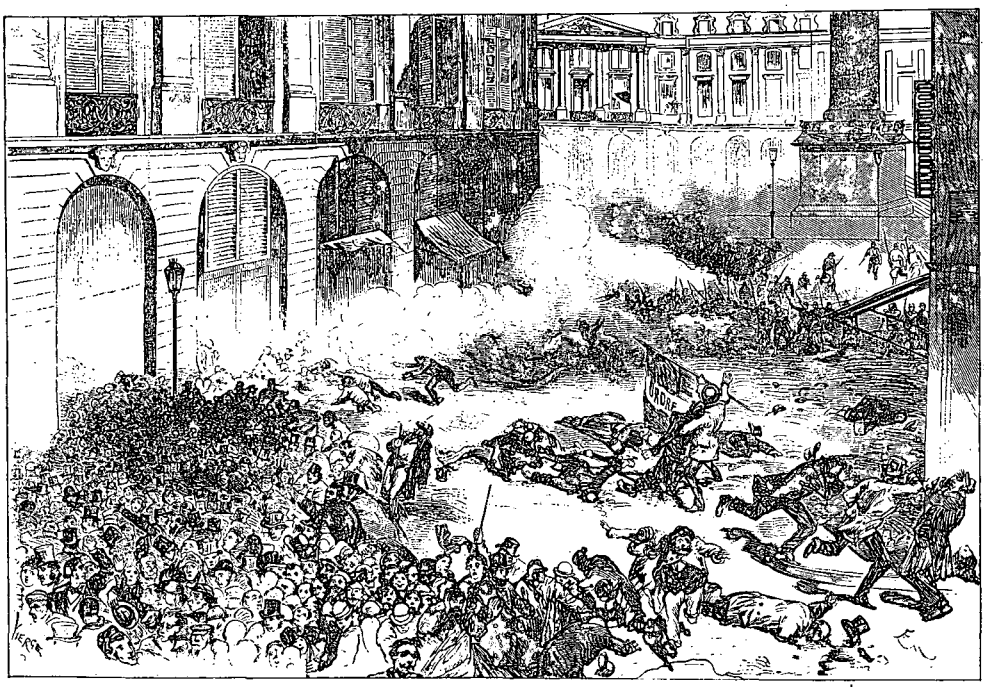
tre de Paris. The scene referred to is where Florent, banished for life to French Guiana, has worked his way back to France and reaches the Halles in the morning twilight, stretched unconscious on top of the carrots in Mme. François's vegetable wagon.

Considered simply as a story, the *Ventre de Paris* is one of the most unsatisfactory and formless volumes of the whole Rougon-Macquart series. As a vast, splendid, semi-barbaric picture of a



THE FIGHTING ABOUT THE PLACE VENDÔME.—"LA DÉBÂCLE."

nation's larder—an apotheosis of flesh and fowl and fish—it is a masterpiece. It suggests nothing so much as some of those big, brutal, flamboyant still-life pictures of the Flemish school, except that in the latter we miss all the hubbub and confusion and ceaseless human activity. North from the Halles runs the Rue Montorgeuil, where Florent before his exile had been arrested on the historic night of the 4th of December for his share in raising a barricade; and facing the Halles is the church of Saint-Eustache, against whose walls he saw five other prisoners shot, a fate he came very near sharing. What first roused Florent from his stupor on Mme. François's load of carrots was the incessant din of the stream of provision wagons arriving along the newly opened Rue du Pont Neuf—an endless stream stretching clear to the Rue de Rivoli. This is a street crowded with associations. Here was Saccard's first home after his marriage with Renée. Here Saccard's confederate, Larsonneau, established his office, removing from his old haunt in the Latin Quarter after their first successful *coup* with the property in the Rue Pépinière. At the corner of the Rue de l'Oratoire stood the house in which Mme. Josserand, in *Pot-Bouille,* spent the evening with her two daughters, and then, furious at the failure of her matrimonial plans, forced them to return home on foot in the pouring rain, their curious zigzag route emphasising the fact that in those days the Avenue de l'Opera was not in existence. Fronting the Jardins des Tuileries, at the corner of the Rue d'Algers, was the apartment of Mme. Desfarges, one of the clients of the Bonheur des Dames. The running expenses were supposed to be paid by the exalted

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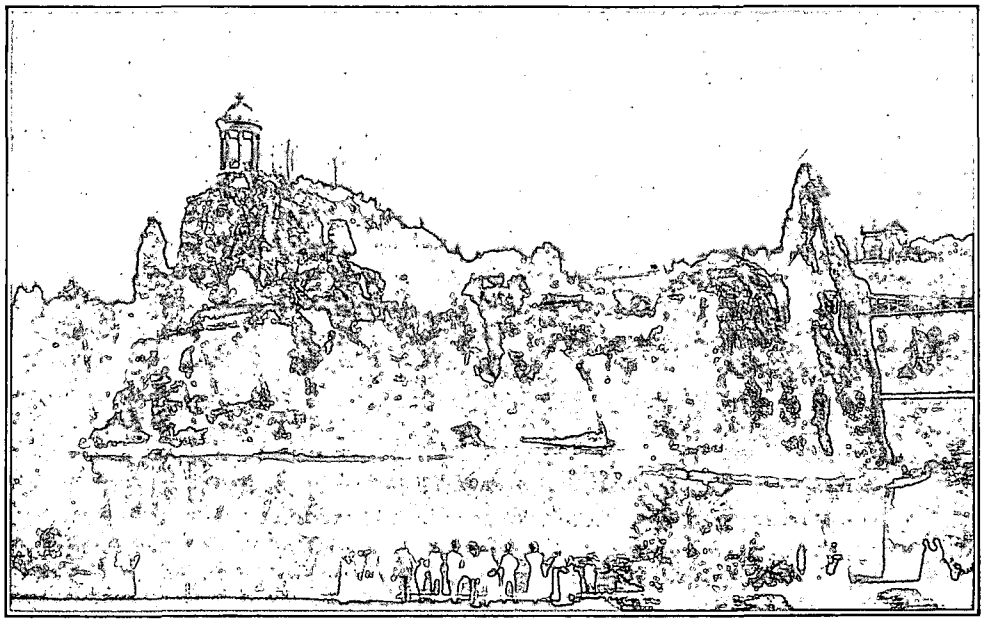
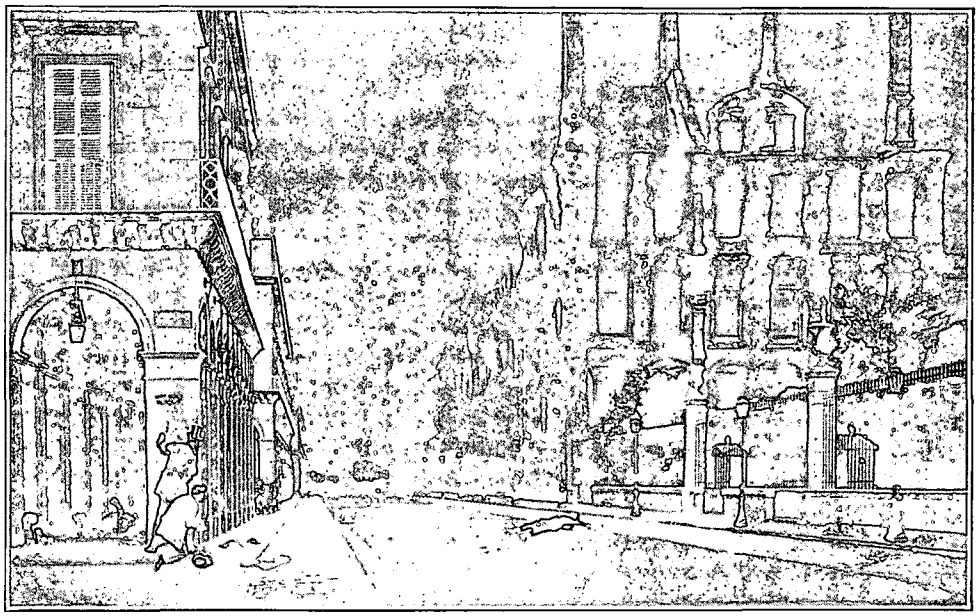


THE BUTTES CHAUMONT. THE LAST STRONGHOLD OF THE COMMUNE.—"LA DÉBÂCLE."



"THE RARRICADE CLOSING THE RUE DE RIVOLI APPEARED MORE FORMIDABLE STILL."—"LA DÉBÂCLE."

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personage who figures in the volume as the Baron Hartmann, and it was here that Octave Mouret, the proprietor of the big department store, came to consult the Baron about the proposed new avenue, Dix-Décembre, with a view to obtaining an advantageous frontage for the Bonheur des Dames. Here, too, Mouret witnesses the scene of rivalry between Mme. Desfarges and the little shopgirl, Denise, who has come to adjust a newly-purchased mantle. It is one of the strong scenes of the book—Denise on her knees patiently pinning and repinning the refractory garment — Mme. Desfarges, haughty, insolent, determined not to be satisfied, and growing more deliberately cruel, more brutally personal with each remark; Mouret silent and discountenanced between the woman of whom he has already tired and the young girl who for months has persistently repulsed him. It is Mme. Desfarges's crowning insult that finally stings him into taking sides openly against her, and sets in motion a train of thought that results in his offer of marriage to Denise.

In the days of *Pot-Bouille,* Octave was not yet an important factor in the mercantile world, a formidable rival of the Bon Marché and Magazins du Louvre. He was only a clerk in Mme. Hédouin's establishment, a recent arrival in Paris, and one of the inmates of the apartment house on the Rue Choiseul—the house that prided itself upon its atmosphere of high-toned morality, and whose public staircase, nevertheless, stands as a symbol of laxity, an avenue eternally open for clandestine visits. Octave's marriage with Mme. Hédouin, the latter's early death and the young widower's rise into fame as a merchant of unparallelled boldness was all still in the future; so also was the colossal growth of the Bonheur des Dames, its steady encroachment along the Rues Michodière and Neuve Saint-Augustin, its octopus-like methods of strangling competition and crushing the heart out of its smaller rivals, one after another.

Now that the new avenue which Mouret discussed with Baron Hartmann is a reality, it is an easy transition from the Bonheur des Dames to the Bourse, the scene of *L'Argent,* where at noon, "the hour of activity, the life of all Paris seemed to flow to this central spot between the Rue Montmartre and the Rue Richelieu." Rain or shine, the crowd is ever the same, even when an all-night storm has turned the Place into "a sewer of mud, yellow and liquid." Here and in the adjacent streets passed the whole drama of *L'Argent,* the brilliant venture of the Banque Universelle, the final triumph of the "sale juif," Gundermann, "qui triomphait parcequ'il n'avait pas de passions,"—the final downfall of Saccard and his visions of financial conquest.

"PIERRE WENT SLOWLY DOWN THE SLOPE OF THE RUE DES SAULLES.—"PARIS."

It is only a few steps south from the Bourse to the Place des Victoires, where the wedding party in *L'Assommoir* passed on their way to the Louvre, with many a coarse, but well-meant jest. It was here beneath the equestrian statue of Louis XIV. that they paused while Gervaise re-tied the lacing of her shoe. Retracing the route by which they came, along the Rue du Mail and Rue de Cléry, one comes to the heart of the land of *L'Assommoir,* the Boulevard de Rochechouart—in those days the region of abattoirs, that have since made way for the

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Collège Rollin. It was here, in a shabby little hotel, that Lantier abandoned Gervaise with her two boys, Claude and Jacques; it was here that Coupeau met her, and here they continued to live for a while after their marriage. On the adjacent Boulevard de la Chapelle was the Moulin d'Argent, where the wedding party had their famous *pique-nique à cent sous par tête.* Just to the north is the Rue de la Gontte d'Or, where Nana was born, and where Coupeau was carried after his fall from the roof in the Rue de la Nation—a fall that paved the way to idleness, intemperance and gradual ruin, ending in the frightful picture of a drunkard's dying ravings.

A section of Paris which Zola almost ignores is that of the Luxembourg, the University, the Quartier Latin—in short, the whole region lying south of the Seine. Here, to be sure, in the Rue Saint-Jacques, Saccard lodged his first wife, Angele, "comme un meuble gênant dont il avait hâte de se débarrasser;" and in the same street Florest and Quenu lodged for a time in the days when the latter was experimenting with his "thirty-six trades." But the one really tragic memory, the one scene that stands out memorably in connection with the southern side of the Seine, is the fight at the barricade of the Rue de Bac, in *La Débâcle,* during the closing days of the Commune, the scene in which Maurice and Jean meet in the blinding light of incendiary fires, and the latter, innocent of his mistake, pins the former to the barricade with his bayonet. There is, perhaps, nothing finer in *La Débâcle* than the description of how Jean bore his wounded comrade home, down to the water, across the river, through barricaded streets to their goal in the Rue des Orties. Especially fine was the description of their boat floating down between the two blazing banks:

> The boat seemed borne onward by a river in flames. Beneath the dancing reflections of these immense fires, one would have said that the Seine was rolling on a bed of glowing coals. Brusque flashes of red gleamed here and there, in the midst of a vast crackling of yellow sparks. They descended slowly, following the current of this burning river, between palaces in flames, as though it were a measureless avenue in an accursed city burning on both sides with pavements of molten lava.

The flames of the Commune cleared the way for a greater and a fairer Paris—the Paris of to-day. But it is fitting and proper that this tragedy of the Commune should at the close of the Rougon-Macquart series add their finishing touch by sweeping away once and for all much of what will always be thought of as typically the Paris of Émile Zola.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

PERSONAL MEMORIES OF ZOLA

Long years ago, when Edmond de Goncourt was planning his Academy of Protest in his *grenier* and Paris was still fighting the old fight of Realism against Romanticism, it was my privilege to know Zola and to see much of his more intimate associates.

Zola, then working on in his hard, steadfast way toward the completion of his Rougon-Macquart studies, was in the full flush of life, confident of his own power, fascinated by his own theories, and, as I fear, slightly intoxicated with his own success. *La Débâcle* was unwritten, though it had been conceived. But *Germinal, L'Assommoir* and *La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret* (which to me have always seemed his master works) were already popular.

At about that time the inventor of Naturalism had raised literary storms by a particularly violent attack on the pontiff of Romanticism, Victor Hugo. He had formulated his opinions on the drama in the dogmatic phrase (which now looks so foolish): "Le théâtre sera naturaliste, ou il ne sera pas." And he had stung Sardou into a contemptuous utterance by gratuitously informing him that he (Sardou) had not "his literary esteem."

Never, even in the autumn of his career, a very amiable or conciliating per-

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melancholy children, the unhealthy work-girls and the degenerate workingmen of the Rougon-Macquart studies were not creations, as some suppose, of Émile Zola, but of the two Goncourts. And it was from the pages of those same Goncourts that Zola unquestionably learned his marvellous word-painting. In Zola's works, however, there was an indefinable something which one will seek vainly in the Goncourt novels. "Why are the works of the Goncourts not more popular?" I once asked Zola. He told me that he thought it was because of a certain dryness, a certain deliberateness, which repelled most readers. Yet only a few days before, Daudet, for whom I was then translating *L'Évangeliste,* had said to me, after a long talk about Zola, "Cultivate Edmond de Goncourt. *C'est notre maître, à nous tous.*"

Like most Frenchmen of his age, Zola was lamentably ignorant of foreign literature. I was, if I mistake not, the first erson who spoke to him of George Eliot. cott, Thackeray and Dickens he knew guely through translations or essays. t what he knew of them had impressed n the reverse of favourably, for he ased me one day, with all the appearance incerity, that he regarded them in a sense as immoral—cowardly eva- f the plain truths (which he fre- confounded with the mere literal sha f human life. Before he died, I e so ola had come to see that facts, p, f s, were after all less important of had fancied when he mapped out will on-Macquart books.

send be hard to say whether, even ural wrote *L'Assommoir,* Zola be- llin lutely i.. the set scientific the- onch he exemplified (not always easy) in the portrayal of his mys His method was a strange, bou occasionally exasperating ef- bine realism with empiri- entifically accurate with the In *La Faute de l'Abbé* stance, as Daudet told me, page after page of his cription of Le Paradou reat botany. The broad plan ay a none the less thoroughly one rk, indeed, was virtually apel on sensuous lines, of the opoli . Mouret was a new On was a new Eve. And

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Mouret's fall took place, as Adam's did in the old Bible tale, beneath the branches of the mystic Tree of Knowledge.

One afternoon while I was visiting Zola at Médan I ventured to point out to him that *La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret,* published as it was in the Rougon-Macquart series, constituted a lapse from the very realism, or "naturalism," which he professed so ardently.

"Yes," replied Zola. "I admit the inconsistency. What would you? My generation has inevitably been under the influence of Victor Hugo. Fight as we may, we are sometimes powerless to resist that influence."

And in *L'Assommoir.* None of us after reading that book can have forgotten the chapter containing that awful, harrowing, vivid analysis of delirium tremens. One of the physicians at the Hospital of St. Anne in Paris was the real author of that episode. Zola merely copied the notes which the physician (his name, if I do not err, was Briant) ha made while observing the case of a p tient. But for all that the story of *L'A sommoir* was largely imaginative.

LOV

From the sweet ha
Thy heart may
For me the silent
The echo of th
For thee, mayha
And raptures
Speed, then, at
My heart thy
By that immea
Of love, a w
By that same h
As thy fair
For this glad
Forever am I

CONFLICTING STA

France has always been a g field for artistic ideas. To-d seems to prevail. To find through the labyrinth of *cl téraires* erected in the metr at first sight impossible.

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son, Zola has frequently been h
both by friends and foes, to the pr
ial bull in the china shop. I see hi
as he looked when he argued some
of art with an adversary, vigorou
yet nervous, truculent and on occ
insolent, but always singularly imp
ive, and in a sense worthy of res
thanks to his earnestness. A thic
man with a fine forehead, an unwh
some complexion, an aggressive jaw,
a nose that invited comparison with C
stant Coquelin's, he seemed—and a
matter of fact *was*—as to externals, a
perhaps in thought—frankly a plebeia
Only in one thing,—in his strange, morb
longing for admittance to the fellowsh
of the so-called "Immortals,"—did he b
lie his origin.

The *grenier à Goncourt* at Auteuil an
the house which Zola had just bough
at Médan, a village on the hills not fa
from Mantes, were in those days the chief
centres of French literary activity
Among the writers who frequented the
two homes were Alphonse Daudet, Guy
de Maupassant, Huysmans, Henri Céard
and Paul Alexis. Differing one from
another as they did in matters of detail,
all were banded together by their antag-
onism to the insincerities of literature; all
were worshippers of Balzac, Flaubert,
Stendhal and, to a certain extent, of
Schopenhauer; all in various ways were
struggling against the still fashionable
Romanticist conventions. But while
they were united by general sympathies
and by specific antipathies, they did not,
as the vulgar pretended, form a school. I
have heard Daudet discuss Zola with the
freedom of an outsider; and from what
Zola, with characteristic crudeness, once
said to me of Edmond de Goncourt, I
saw that his admiration for the co-author
of *Manette Salomon* and *Germinie Lacer-
teux* was curiously tempered by some-
thing akin to disapprobation, and possi-
bly also to jealousy. Edmond de Gon-
court, again, in a talk which I had with
him at the period of which I speak, criti-
cised Zola with unsparing bitterness,
though in the same breath he claimed
him (and quite justly) as his disciple,
calling attention to the extraordinary
analogies between *L'Assommoir* and *Ger-
minie Lacerteux*, between *Une Page
d'Amour* and *Madame Gervaisais*. The
victims of neurosis, the ailing women and

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iety, in the narrow acceptance of erm, saw little of Zola. For the r of the *salons* and the frivolities of ibs there was no place in his laborious strenuous life. Though deeply ined in drama, which, as we know, he oped to remodel in accordance with aturalistic scheme, he was not counnong the habitual "first-nighters" of out-Paris. He wrote regularly and matically, trusting less to inspiraon than to industry, and scorning the emian laxities of Murger's charac-Had he been less rigidly industrimany of his books would possibly e been more readable.

t may be added that Zola, the author o many works which to the average erican and Englishman seem imral, was in his private life infinitely re moral than a majority of his critics. equently, indeed, as in *Nana,* he bayed what to Frenchmen appeared an nusing unfamiliarity with the bad world hich he described. Whatever Zola may ave put into his writings, in his own home there were no mud-pools.

Charles Henry Meltzer.

ENITY

f my deep desire
n evading wing.
the smouldering fire,
hat thou shalt sing;
rple vineyards burn,
ant noon await;
find at thy return
at twilight's gate.
nd, the thread
ive held am I;
ugh the wide world be spread
hand doth bid thee fly.
wrought with me—
ilst thou art free!

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

IN FRENCH LITERATURE

more closely into the matter, however, one sees that there is less confusion than at first appears, and that, as a matter of fact, few great currents can actually be opposed to one another.

We briefly mention two once important

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Their self-appointed task is the reëstablishment of the spiritual unity of France, and of a strong political authority like that which existed during the glorious seventeenth century. One of the means they would use to that end is the Roman Catholic Church.

2. The Nationalists, Lemaître, Coppée, M. Barrès, the so-called *professeurs d'énergie nationale.*

3. And we may perhaps add—though everybody would not be willing to allow the adjective "literary" to be used in connection with their writings—Drumont, Léon Daudet, and their acolytes, who use their pens in fighting the influence of Jews, Freemasons and Protestants.

This class of writers, all of whom pursue political purposes under the pretence of literature, is at this moment the one which includes the men of most ability, a fact finding its explanation in the present conditions of France. Political questions are now of momentous importance, and many will devote their talents as writers to problems of this kind who at another time might have chosen another field of activity. A proof of this will be found in the fact that the three most famous of the group, Brunetière, Lemaître and Coppée, gave up purely literary work for a field of activity which seemed to them more important or more promis-

this, however true, does not run er to the opinion that, if this is perhaps the strongest at pres- is also probably the least literary three. The purpose of art is no ociological or political than it is gical, or psychological, or ethical. udgment that might be passed em is, then, this: Since their authors is due to abnormal cir- es, which may last a long time rever, this spirit in literature is ssarily transitory.

* * * *

ther different view has to be one approaches the two re- rary standards now facing he democratic and the aris- ards.

ratic literature" I mean lit- ddresses itself to the mass public; that is, literature t take into consideration

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the line of demarcation that may exist between more or less intelligent and more or less cultivated people. It is a product of the spirit of the nineteenth century, a product of democracy, as the name indicates. The formula of democratic art has been lately expressed by Tolstoy in his book *What is Art?*, in the following terms: "The great works of art are great only because they are accessible and comprehensible to every one."

The idea of a democratic or popular art takes us back in France to the Middle Ages, when literature was used by the Church in order to spread, and then maintain its influence over the people. When once the writers had succeeded in liberating themselves from the Church they began to address themselves to privileged classes, *i.e.*, to people who, because they were free from material cares, could afford to take interest in a higher kind of art. And this lasted for three centuries. But the French Revolution broke out, and all at once democratic literature wa called to life again, and with a succes that is hardly suspected outside France. Of the *Cœlina* of Duc Duminil were sold, according to tra tion, one million and two hundred co *Le Solitaire* of the Vicomte d'Arlinc was a literary event; in a very short it went through fifteen editions and translated into all European lang even into the idiom of the Lapla The Baron de Lamothe Langon fo considerable demand for the hu and fifty volumes he threw on the in the reign of Louis Philippe.

It would be an endless task if I attempt to mention all those who turn great popular writers du nineteenth century, such as Duca guste Ricard, Raban, Vallée Saint-Aure, Amédée de Bast, M Perrin, de Kératry, Michel Ma mond Brucker, etc. I need tion the names of those w the century, actually becam mained famous as popula Charles Paul de Kock, Eugèn éric Soulié, Alexandre Duma Léon Gozlan, Alphonse Desnoyers, Ponson du Terr Adolphe Belot, Richebour Montépin, Saintine, Souve Nowadays the formidable into a sea of every-day pro

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much in order to pursue the same æsthetic ideal or form "schools," as to league against the invading spirit of democracy in art.

The first open declaration of war took place in 1834. It was an article by Nisard in the *Revue de Paris*, "Manifestation contre le littérature facile." How threatening the danger was even at that time is seen in the fact that Nisard felt obliged in the following years (1836 and 1837) to accuse Victor Hugo and Lamartine themselves of suspiciously indulging in what he called "littérature facile." Then came the long and especially aggressive campaign of Gustave Planche in the *Revue des Deux Mondes;* this was in the middle of the century. To-day the most serious and forcible of these aristocratic writers is probably Rémy de Gourmont (see for example his "Cultures des Idées," 1900). He is the most brilliant contributor to the *Mercure de France,* which, under the direction of Valette, is the representative magazine of the fighting element among the aristocratic writers. As the number of their opponents grows more and more formidable they become more fierce in their attacks. Indifference and unfavourable appreciation on the part of the official critics of the official public only succeeded in rendering them more exclusive and more regardless of conventional standards in works of art. They have come to write purposely in such a fashion as to prevent the bourgeois from understanding them, while ostracism by the *public bien pensant* is praise to them.

One thing is certain: the less their chances and the smaller their number, the more eager they are to affirm that they will fight to the last.

What is the issue of this conflict going to be? If we only ask which side will win, there seems to be very little possible doubt. All the chances are that democratic literature will gain ground constantly and that aristocratic literature will be crushed out in the long run. It is the spirit of our time, the cold logic of the evolution of our civilisation—these are forces before which men stand helpless. But the matter assumes a somewhat different aspect if we ask which side is right. Here hesitation may well be allowed. If it be true—and of course it is—that artists have to take into consideration the

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public for which they work, and if one admit democracy to rule in art—which is a very different question—then Tolstoy and his followers are right: "Great works of art are great because they are accessible and comprehensible to every one."*

The problem at issue is this: Must democracy rule in art? The adherents of aristocratic literature have here an easy task when they maintain that if art were to accommodate itself to the taste and powers of conception of the crowd, instead of aiming at a smaller but more refined public, it would lower itself. Only blind and generous dreamers like Tolstoy, and demagogues or yellow-press journalists, will contest that. But another question is involved, a question which enemies of democratic literature do not generally examine closely enough. They frequently assert that popular art cannot be art at all. This is not altogether true. If you consider art itself and not the artist, it is even far from true. A brief consideration of this point will throw a good deal of light on the actual subject of the debate.

Allusion has been made already to the confusion of the domains of science and art in literature during the second part of the nineteenth century. In theory nobody will contest that art *is* not science. As soon as an author writes a book in order to prove, to explain systematically, to analyse logically, he leaves the domain of art for that of philosophy, logic, ethics, physiology, psychology, etc. The Sar Péladan, in his answer to Tolstoy's book, very truly remarks: "All that is theory, reasoning, criticism, depends upon art only as far as expression or form is con-

cerne
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cade
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*I am obliged to quote Tolstoy; for nobody else, either in France or elsewhere has ever tried to work out systematically a theory of democratic art, a theory which without inconsistency condemns as non-artistic the work of Aeschylus and Sophocles, "The Last Judgment," "The Ninth Symphony," Wagner's "Niebelungen Ring," and so forth. It is a sign of the times that such a work could be published at the end of the nineteenth century. I may add also, that Tolstoy's criticism is aimed especially at French æsthetic ideals. I may refer further to the *Contemporary Review*, of September, 1901, where Miss Ad Cone makes a fierce attack on French stand ards of beauty in painting and sculpture, adc ing a few suggestions in the spirit of Tolsto in respect to "democratic art." This means t her, as far as can be guessed from rather vagu expressions, a "useful" art.

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standpoints which seem to be fas
ing away, naturalism and psycho
Naturalism was nearly dead at on
In recent years Zola tried to
by changing his attitude towar
While in the twenty volumes of the
gon Macquart" he had based on scie
theories a thorough and pitiless
simism, he assumed in *Les Trois V*
and in *Les Quatre Evangiles* the posi
not only of an optimist, but of a drea
and of a prophet, remaining true, h
ever, to his scientific creed. Moreo
he was lucky enough to find brothers
arms in the two Rosny (J. and H.), n
very much in vogue in the official qu
ters of criticism.

Psychologism had its days of glory wi
Bourget and Rod. But the new volum
of the edition of Bourget's comple
works no longer attract the attention
the press; and Rod's new novels enjo
only a *succès d'estime*. The praises st
allotted them go to the authors and t
their talents, more than to the book
themselves. Both these schools wer
manifestations of the overwhelming in
fluence of science over all the activitie
of mind since the middle of the nine-
teenth century. But they were bound
to die out before long. From the artistic
as well as from the scientific point
of view, they were *genres faux*. From
the artistic point of view; for literature is
in no way either physiology, or psychol-
ogy, or even ethics, and it ought not to
be used as a means of advertising new
scientific theories. From the scientific
point of view: for when a scholar tries
to prove a theory or wishes to put be-
fore us an observation of nature he
chooses his examples in the actual world
of facts; while naturalistic writers, who
also try to put forward some scientific
truth or observation, illustrate those with
characters created by themselves. The
illegitimacy of the method need not to be
insisted upon.

There remain in literature three very
distinct tendencies, all full of life. I will
call them socio-political, democratic and
aristocratic.

The socio-political writers use litera-
ture as a means of propagating socio-
logical or political ideas. Its main
representatives are:

1. Brunetière and the group repre-
sented by the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

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rnal stories. Only a very few of numerable writers show above the , the best known being Georges Philippe Audebrand says that 800 to 1900, fifty-seven thousand hundred and three novels ap- in book form in France. He does ve the source of his information, does not seem as if the figure too high. If one thinks, however, very few out of this number which ally worth reading, one may realise enormous power of democratic litera-

t is not necessary to explain why the el has been the *genre* adopted most quently by democratic literature, and h it the *conte,* or short story, which, as sard defines it, "is something which s not strength enough to be a novel" *uelque chose qui n'a pas la force d'être roman*). The other most popular *nres* are the *théâtre* (Labiche) and the *anson* (Béranger).

The increasing progress of this form f art has brought forth in recent years ch institutions as the *universités popu- res, lectures populaires,* and the *âtre du peuple* at Bussang, Gérard- r, Ploujean, Béziers, etc. If, on the e hand, those who are at the head of e latter wish to react against what they nsider *low* popular literature, on the her hand they certainly believe in pop- lar art, and to that extent positively en- ourage the whole movement of democ- racy in this field of human activity, and even give it the sanction of intellectual people.

It might be interesting to note that the success of democratic literature coin- cides in France with the appearance of women in the realm of letters. All of them did not attain the reputation of Madame de Staël or George Sand, or even of So- phie Gay or Judith Gautier. But it would be easy to make up a list of fifty names of women—all novelists, who, without reaching the first rank among their con- temporaries, are nevertheless well known to any one interested in French literature. The number of these authoresses is very striking if we remember how very few women ventured to write in previous centuries. The same remark applies to other countries as well. Hosts of literary women appeared on the scene together with the invasion of democratic ideas in

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Conflicting

Germany, Austria, Italy, eve
Rémy de Gourmont, generall
fined writer, is irreverent en
tribute this coincidence to th
men, in disgust with a professi
come contemptible and altog
rated with the mercantile sp
time, willingly withdraw, mak
—for women.

* * * *

Running parallel with demo
erature we have aristocratic
During the seventeenth and ei
centuries, as pointed out above, t
no popular art, thus no attempt to
its rights. Since the French Re
on the contrary, it has been nece
affirm one's position in regard to
avoidable changes which the whole
ment threatened to bring about.
cratic authors are the representat
tradition. They wish to write o
a select public. They absolutely
that the principle of equality p
in the Declaration of 1789 has any
ing in the domain of art.

At first they were content with su
expression of their opinion and att
as was contained in the publicati
works according to the old standard.
did write novels also, but *Oberm*
René, Delphine, Adolphe, are not w
that could be understood by e
body. Soon, however, another step
thought necessary in order to withd
entirely from the crowd. The so-c
cénacles were formed. Already in
mer centuries literary clubs or soci
had been in existence in France,
"Pléiade," the "Précieuses," the "Ac
mie," the "Encyclopédistes." They v
however, an exception. But during
whole nineteenth century we have
long series of these *cénacles,* each on
them having the very definite purpos
forming a group of real artists in dist
tion from popular writers: "Les Rom
tiques," "Les Jeune-France," the
unions at Delécluze, with Mérimée,
"Buveurs d'eau," better known under
name of "La Bohême," of Murger; la
we have the representatives of "l'art p
l'art," the "Haschischins;" then
"Parnassiens," the "Symbolistes,"
"Mages," etc. And one must insist
this fact: With the exception, perha
of the Romantiques, the *cénacles,* especi
ly the more recent ones they met, not

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out ce qui est théorie, raison-
ritique, ne relève de l'art que
lités d'expression."—*La Dé-
hétique,* p. 117). You may
entific truth adorned with
tment, but in doing so you
the least produce literature;
than the putting a nice frame
re will make it the work of a
r the wearing of a beautiful
a concert singer will cause her
e properly called a tailor's per-

er, if art *is* not science, it is
being independent of science.
connection between the two is
er kind than is generally thought.
ly artistic spring of literature, as
other art, is imagination or fic-
ot synonymous with novel, as it
ithout saying), and *vice versâ,*
is literature only when there
on. As soon as art allows itself
ettered by exact science or by abso-
adequate reproduction of real phe-
a, fiction has [illegible]
c fiction can be based on scientific
gations (Villiers de l'Isle Adam's
future," "Wells's "Island of Doctor
au"), or on naturalistic observa-
Daudet's or Tolstoy's novels), but
hing will have necessarily to be
to it, namely, art. Art is art-ificial
homo additus naturæ.
w to imagination and fiction once
ged the whole range of philo-
cal and religious problems. The
t of the progress of science has
to reduce gradually the ground be-
ng to art, exactly as it has done for
ogy and metaphysics (hence the idea,
iently expressed, that religion and
cover the same ground, pursue the
purpose). Wherever the rigid law
ause and effect had affirmed itself
had to give way; wherever man had
id reason and systematic arguments
y was expelled. In short, the smaller
domain of science, the larger that of
and *vice versâ.* And as science is
ending and progressing constantly,
field of art has to diminish.
Apply this to the question before us:
e less scholarly and cultivated the pub-
the greater the effect that may be
pected from art and the more powerful
ur art. Thus, far from being irre-
icilable, the untutored mind and art

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seem in a certain way to be in correlation with each other, while knowledge and culture are in opposition to art.

This, I think is a strong argument in favour of popular or democratic art. In fact, when they have happened to examine the problem from this point of view the defenders of art for art's sake, as the Sar Péladan, have had to agree with the representative of democratic art that the lower classes are not in the least deprived of æsthetic faculties. In this respect men working for the *universités* and *lectures populaires*, and for the *théâtre du peuple* in France, as Bouchor and Pottecher, may not be altogether wrong.

* * * * *

So far we have considered the public. Let us now consider the artist. And as we do so, let us continue to keep in mind the relation existing between science and art, the one gaining new positions all the time, the other having to confine itself within constantly narrowing limits. This means a distinct loss to the artist of to-day and of to-morrow. He would have been better off, as far as inspiration goes, in earlier times, or to-day if his culture were as modest as that of the mass of the public. But this is not the case; he *has* a higher degree of culture than the crowd; he *does* know of the results of science and philosophy. Is he going to act as if he knew not? It would be very undignified on his part, for he could be actuated only by a desire to gain the admiration of a larger public and to have an easier task. Nobody could respect a man who, knowing a higher and worthier art, fit for the *élite*, should deliberately choose the inferior.

Of course, if the reason for his choice were incapacity, then well and good; but I am thinking of artists, who actually are able to rise to a higher art, but give it up and artificially put themselves in a state of mind inferior to the one that is natural to them.

Besides, their sacrifice would be useless, for the following reason: There was a time when the artists could not be more advanced in culture, and especially in scientific knowledge of earthly phenomena, than the crowd of to-day. Then they produced *naturally* works of art that may still be enjoyed to-day by the lower classes. The public of the *lectures populaires* in Paris, we are told, delight in Corneille and Racine—which is very normal.

Let me remark parenthetically that it is the custom to make students, *i.e.* immature minds (according to our present standard of culture) read the classics. And this is done because it is thought that nobody cares for classic simplicity once he has successfully gone through a regular college course. One may say: It is not simple people merely that enjoy classics: You see great scholars reading over and over again Homer and Vergil, Hesiod and Lucretius, Pindar and Horace, and they seem to enjoy them even more than the crowd. This is true. But I think that we must distinguish carefully between genuine æsthetic impressions and acquired artistic impressions. The first is an enjoyment of an emotional, the second of an intellectual nature. The scholar *consciously* admires all the means of artistic effects. He sees *how* the work must impress the reader for whom it was written; he *understands* it. We may besides speak of an archæological enjoyment of Homer and Vergil, etc. And the best proof that the genuine artistic impression is not that of modern artists, critics or scholars toward ancient literature is that nobody would dream to-day of writing a poem like Homer's, or even like Lucretius, or dramas like Corneille's and Racine's. I maintain that when a thoroughly systematic and satisfactory explanation of *Hamlet* shall have been given, the prestige of the Shakespearian play will have gone.

Thus, the aristocratic *gens de lettres* are perfectly right in their claims. They represent, if not perhaps a higher art than that of the past, certainly one which corresponds to the more advanced culture and civilisation of modern time. We have as little right to ask them to take into consideration the lower classes as we have to stop science on the ground that the crowd does not keep step with the most distinguished scientists. We ought to respect them all the more since they do not allow themselves to be discouraged by the ever-increasing difficulty of being artistic. Of course, the art of to-day, as is easily seen from the reasons just given, can have no longer the "grandeur" of ancient art. It savours of short-sightedness to turn this necessary

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difference into a reproach. But what it loses in "grandeur" it gains in refinement.

The great difficulty for the artists of to-day and of to-morrow is to find the best means of making use of their powers in the domains still outside the pale of science. Naturally proud, far from trying to ignore recent findings of scholars, they make it a point to know all that can be known. By a sort of *coquetterie d'artiste* they play purposely with the difficulty, willingly rejecting all means that would not result in making it just as hard as possible for them.

Science and philosophy have forever established the vanity of our attempts at explaining ultimate problems, such as the origin of the world, the relations of the finite to the infinite, the metaphysical origin of evil. No artist will any more touch upon such questions. But our imagination has still free play in other, though more restricted, domains. Man remains an empirical problem, still unsolved by science. Love, for instance, in its most refined and delicate manifestations is still the mystery *par excellence*. And artists know it. It is, perhaps, worth remarking that not a single one of the truly deep and refined artists of to-day is in favour of the new woman; they are sometimes her most decided enemies; they are not prepared to leave a fertile and fascinating field of work, and feel little inclination for a tendency which seems to favour a substitution of friendship between sexes for love. However that may be, one must recognise that Tolstoy and his adherents do not see very far when they accuse modern literature or art of being a mere manifestation of degenerate minds because they do not think it worth while to describe over and over again the everyday love which has been depicted so frequently and so well by artists of the past. There are ever so many conceptions of love that have never been treated before; these have occupied the minds of Gourmont, Louys, de Régnier and numerous other modern French writers. They may not succeed. But if they are not understood, if popular authors make love an excuse to pornographical works, it is not the writers that are responsible for it, but the idea that any kind of art can be appreciated by any kind of person.

Then the singular connection between love and cruelty, the contradictory instincts of human nature, the noble and the vile have provided with literary themes such original writers as Mirabeau.

Again, religious emotions are a favourite subject, treated by Péladan, Jules Bois, Huysmans, etc. Mystic impressions or emotions are mysteries to science, just as love in its physio-psychological manifestations, and consequently they fall to the lot of artists. The whole idea of the Symbolists is to avail themselves of the most delicate phenomena in nature and man, those which scientific laws cannot reach on account of their extreme subtlety. In fact, it is the very idea which gives unity to the various tendencies and productions in contemporary French literature, though it be not always expressed so emphatically as in Symbolism, namely: to make the best of what is still at our disposal for artistic treatment.

It is not difficult to understand that such an art never will be popular, since it must necessarily grow more and more refined, subtle, delicate. On the other hand, there may be doubt as to whether science will ever be complete; it is more probable that some problems will always remain open; the realm of arts will be reduced all the time, though never vanishing altogether.

For those who may not like or understand the form which modern aristocratic art has assumed most frequently in France I will add this: Two men, by general consent, are the representative artistic writers of the second half of the nineteenth century, Renan and Anatole France. What is the secret of their art? To play gently above the head of science; their art is their scepticism. They are most enjoyable. However, it must be remarked that their contribution, though delightful, is purely negative—which is not the case of those we have quoted before. Their position is safer to escape criticism. It is hardly satisfactory in the long run. On the contrary, one cannot help admiring the courageous upholders of the rights of a positive art, who, although ridiculed and well aware of their precarious position, will not give up the fight. It is no small honour for France that so many adherents of the cause doomed to defeat are her sons. As one of them has pointed out, the business achievements of France may be more modest

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than those of other countries, her social ideals may prove to be Utopias, her political influence in the world may grow smaller as years go by, but in one domain she has not lost as yet the first rank among civilised countries—the domain of art. As long as the utilitarian spirit of the present and future generations shall not have crushed out every bit of æsthetic feeling in human minds, a group of French writers and artists will remain trying to save what can be saved, and asking for no other reward than the honour of serving a good cause. *Dulce est pro patria mori!*

Albert Schinz.

IN DARKEST JAMES

In Henry James's latest book, the two-volume novel, *The Wings of the Dove,* there are signs of a partial recovery. There are people who will see no difference between it and *The Sacred Fount* or *The Awkward Age,* but they are no friends of his. By what vice of introspection he got himself lashed to that fixed idea we cannot say, but it was clear that neither of those books was the work of a mind entirely free. In one aspect it was ridiculous; but if one laughed, it was with compunctions, for in another aspect it was exceedingly painful. This only from the point of view of his admirers. It is not forgotten that there is the larger class (for whom this world in the main was made) to whom he is merely ridiculous. They do not see why thoughts so unwilling to come out need be extracted.

In *The Wings of the Dove* there is the same absorption in the machinery of motive and in mental processes the most minute. Through page after page he surveys a mind as a sick man looks at his counterpane, busy with little ridges and grooves and undulations. There are chapters like wonderful games of solitaire, broken by no human sound save his own chuckle when he takes some mysterious trick or makes a move that he says is "beautiful." He has a way of saying "There you are" that is most exasperating, for it is always at the precise moment at which you know you have utterly lost yourself. There is no doubt that James's style is often too puffed up with its secrets. Despite its air of immense significance, the dark, unfathomed caves of his ocean contain sometimes only the same sort of gravel you could have picked up on the shore. We have that from thinkers who have been down him. But though this unsociable way of writing continues through *The Wings of the Dove,* it comes nearer than any other of his recent novels to the quality of his earlier work. It deals with conditions as well as with people. Instead of merely souls anywhere, we have men and women living in describable homes. It would be hard to find in those other novels anything in the spirit of the following passage, which is fairly typical of much in this:

> It was after the children's dinner . . . and the two young women were still in the presence of the crumpled tablecloth, the dispersed pinafores, the scraped dishes, the lingering odour of boiled food. Kate had asked, with ceremony, if she might put up a window a little, and Mrs. Condrip had replied, without it, that she might do as she liked. She often received such inquiries as if they reflected in a manner on the pure essence of her little ones. . . . Their mother had become for Kate—who took it just for the effect of being their mother—quite a different thing from the mild Marian of the past: Mr. Condrip's widow expansively obscured that image. She was little more than a ragged relic, a plain prosaic result of him, as if she had somehow been pulled through him as though an obstinate funnel, only to be left crumpled and useless and with nothing in her but what he accounted for.

Not that the passage shows him at his best, but it shows him as at least concerned with the setting of his characters.

It is not worth while to attempt an outline of the story. Those who have done so have disagreed in essentials. It is impossible to hit off in a few words characters that James has picked out for their very complexity; and the story counts for little with him as against the business of

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recording the play of mind. One does not take a watch to pieces merely to tell the time of day; and with James analysis is the end in itself. His characters rarely do things; and though in this book one dies and leaves her fortune to the man she loves, and though there is a rich aunt who interferes with her niece's love affairs, no description of the people or the part they play could give the slightest clue to the interest of the book. By indefinable means, and in spite of the most wearisome prolixity, he often succeeds in producing a very strange and powerful effect. It is a lucky man who can find a word for it. Things you had supposed incommunicable certainly come your way. These are the times we are almost grateful to him for pottering in his nebulous workshop among the things that are hard to express.

If the obscurity of the language were due to the idea itself, and if while he tugs at an obstinate thought you could be sure it was worth the trouble, there would be no fault to find, but to him one thing seems as good as another when he is mousing around in a mind. It is a form of self-indulgence. He is as pleased with the motives that lead nowhere as with anything else. It is his even emphasis that most misleads. He writes a staccato chronicle of things both great and small, like a constitutional history half made up of the measures that never passed. And in one respect he does not play fairly. He makes his characters read each other's minds from clues that he keeps to himself. To invent an irreverent instance, suppose we were a distinguished author with a psychological bent and wished to represent two young people as preternaturally acute. We might place them alone together and make them talk like this:

"If"—— she sparkled.
"If?" he asked. He had lurched from the meaning for a moment.
"I might"—— she replied abundantly.
His eye had eaten the meaning—"Me!" he gloriously burst.
"Precisely," she thrilled. "How splendidly you *do* understand."

We, the distinguished author, versed in our own psychology—the springs of our own marionettes—we understand it perfectly. For us there are words a-plenty. But is it fair to you, the reader?

F. M. Colby.

THE NOVELS OF ELIZABETH STODDARD

To their few ardent admirers the writings of Mrs. Stoddard are an unexplained eddy in the current of literature, a dark and turbid backwater leading nowhere, connecting no two points, neither illustrating a tendency nor exercising an influence. They are inchoate, without form, wanting in taste, crude to childishness. Equally faulty in conception and execution, they glow and vibrate with a touch of genius which, amazing and undimmed by obvious defects, is as fresh to-day as when "My Own Story" first struck its ominous note in the *Atlantic Monthly* of May, 1860. This short tale was followed by three novels, *The Morgesons* (1862), *Two Men* (1865) and *Temple House* (1867). After this she wrote nothing of any marked importance, confining herself chiefly to short stories and poems, which came out in current magazines, and for many years before her death last August she produced nothing. In 1896, Houghton, Mifflin and Company published a small collection of her poems, and Henry T. Coates and Company in 1901 issued a new edition of the three novels on which rests her claim to a permanent place in literature. Born at Mattappoisett, Massachusetts, in 1823, Elizabeth Drew Barstowe seems to have grown up in an atmosphere singularly untouched by talk of books, and the idea of writing first suggested itself some years after her marriage to the young poet Richard Henry Stoddard, among whose friends in New York she plunged into that endless discussion of books and bookmakers which is the absorbing business and pleasure of all those who live by the pen.

That *The Morgesons* should have made so little impression is easily accounted for. In the year 1862 the public mind was attuned to a pitch far above the point of discriminate novel-reading.

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The Bigelow Papers and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had been able to focus men's attention on a mere book, but with the guns of Sumter still ringing and with Gettysburg in the womb of the near future, tales of plain New England life lacked opportuneness. Beyond this, at a time when the movement in literature was purely didactic, self-consciously ethical, Mrs. Stoddard stood forth exclusively as a narrator, recounting what she saw (or, rather, what she felt) without comment or purpose, concerned only with giving her story to the world as it shaped itself in her brain, neither guiding nor lopping it to suit conventions, moral or artistic.

In Veronica Morgeson she unmistakably portrays an exalted hysteric or epileptic, but the symptoms are set forth unknowingly, the writer apparently possessing as little comprehension of what she makes so clear, as a camera by whose lens the stigmata of disease are reproduced, not elucidated. Again, a passage in *Temple House,* when Argus gets drunk and politely asks to be put to bed, conveys to the reader a knowledge of humorous possibilities of which the narrator seems profoundly oblivious. Every book, in fact, sounds like the hot utterance of some trance-bound seer reeling off strange visions seen luridly through encompassing darkness. Tales of New England life! Yes, but what a New England! A country of uncurbed desire, of hereditary taints, of families divided against themselves, of violence, of excess. In the whole field of New England romance there are but three local chroniclers whom she resembles at any point—certain wild outbursts of Herman Melville in *Moby Dick,* Hawthorne's shocking allegory of *Young Goodman Brown,* and the repudiation of life without colour which shows here and there in the writings of Miss Poole. Mrs. Stoddard, however, deals with facts, not allegories, and her people are tormented neither by doubts nor repentance but unspent passions, and religion plays small part in these stories which, without tinge of coarseness, are singularly bold and untrammelled in their free relation of events.

The kinship to *Wuthering Heights* is striking and undeniable, but it is a true kinship of mind and spirit, not a question of conscious or unconscious influence, and as little a matter of imitation as the yet stronger likeness, in descriptive quality to Flaubert, Doiestoevski, or Gorky. The talk of the village gossips, old servants, tiresome relatives, the length of weary afternoons, physical discomforts, smells, all are given with as much detail as in the pages of the newest disciples of the great Russians, only, and in this she differs from many of our contemporaries, her mosaics never fail to compose into a picture. Take these impressions of an unruly child chafing against the dulness of humdrum village life:

> When I reached the schoolhouse, I saw through the open door that the New Testament was over. The teacher, Mrs. Desire Cushman, a tall, slender woman in a flounced calico dress, was walking up and down the room, a class of boys and girls stood in zigzag line before her, swaying to and fro and droning the multiplication table. She was yawning as I entered, which exercise forbade her speaking, and I took my seat without reprimand. The flies were just coming; I watched their sticky legs as they feebly crawled over my unpainted, notched desk, and crumbled my gingerbread for them; but they seemed to have no appetite. Some of the younger children were drowsy already, lulled by the hum of the whispers. . . .

and again:

> Aunt Mercy passed cups of tea; I heard the gulping swallow of it in every throat, the silence was so profound. After the pudding we had dried apple pie which we ate from our hands like bread. Grand'ther ate fast, not troubling himself to ask us if we would have more, but making the necessary motions to that effect by touching the spoon in the pudding, or knife in the pie. Ruth and Sally still kept their eyes fixed on some invisible object at a distance. What a disagreeable interest I felt in them! What had they in common with me? What could they enjoy? How unpleasant their dingy, crumbled, needle-pricked fingers were!

Dulness, however, is not her usual medium, but storm centres, whether human or meteoric. She saw the relation between men and women as undisguised, primitive combat. The few intense love scenes leave the nerves tingling with excitement. Excitement is her characteristic note, but besides this extraordinary temperament she possessed at times a

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style so remarkable for sheer beauty that it bears even the test of disjointed quotation:

. . . But wherever I was or whatever I did, no feeling of beauty stole into my mind. I never turned my face up to the sky to watch the passing of a cloud, or mused before the undulating space of sea, or looked upon the earth with the curiosity of thought or spiritual aspiration. I was moved and governed by my sensations which continually changed and passed away, to come again and deposit vague ideas which ignorantly haunted me——

. . . That they were well matched each knew. Their thoughts travelled together in silence; it was enough for them just at that moment to be next each other without speaking. The roar of wind and sea increased, the air was pungent in the mouth, wild in flavour, and exciting; the darkness settled round them like a substance.

. . . The tide was out, for the boulders on Gull's Point stood high from the water; behind them was the outlet—a purple bar of sea and cloud joined together. A boat shot within her range of vision with sail looming against the rocks; its hull bulged out of the water, its sides plowed the waves; she longed to be in it, steering for another world which might give her Crest as it had been in the past.

My soul was brought in poise and quickened with the beauty before me! The wide, shimmering plain of sea—its aerial blue—stretching beyond the limits of my vision in one direction, upbearing transverse cloud-like islands in another, and shadowed by shore and sky, mingled its essence with mine. The wind was coming; under the far horizon the mass of waters began to undulate. Dark spearlike clouds rose above it and menaced the east. The speedy wind tossed and teased the sea nearer and nearer, till I was surrounded by a gulf of milky green foam. As the tide rolled in I retreated, stepping back from rock to rock round which the waves curled and hissed, baffled in their attempt to climb over me. I was on the verge of the tide mark, the sea was seeking me and I must wait. It gave tongue as its lips touched my feet, roaring in the caves, falling on the level beaches with mad, boundless joy!

At sunset the atmosphere was spongy and rotten. Masses of vapour rolled up from the south, extinguishing a pale brassy band of light in the west, and a strange wind arose in the upper air and closed with night. . . . A tremendous hiss passed through the crevices of the outer doors, which was met by a roar in the chimney. An irruption of white flaky ashes followed, and covered the hearth. Next, the roof and walls of the house were taken as coign of vantage by the shrieking wind to hang out its viewless banners which shivered, flapped and tore in tatters in raging impotence.

The people are no less wild and fierce than their environment; and so completely is everything in key that such a scene as the following, the courtship of a provincial ironmaster's daughter by a business acquaintance, strikes one as strange rather than improbable.

He raised his face and she looked at him. His mad, beseeching eyes, his open lips and violent breath carried to her sad soul the conviction that it was her destiny to be the witness of, and party in scenes, the knowledge of which must be a condemning barrier between her and the women who peopled the world and who governed it. She could have escaped from him upon his entrance into the room, but it had not occurred to her to be afraid of him, and now it did not occur to her that at her feet was a handsome, passionate lover, the man chosen for her husband by everybody excepting herself and Argus. Meeting her eyes, he could not help being touched by the cold silent misery in her face; then he grew exasperated. "I will injure you beyond repair," he said, rising suddenly——

Mrs. Stoddard's fertile imagination squandered themes, lavishly clogging one volume with the matter for a whole Rougon-Macquart series. Her talents were so abounding that she never felt the necessity for effort, for a deliberate seeking after more trained and controlled expression. This results in halting flights of inspiration, doubled with passages of insufferable dulness; the most perfect and crystal-clear sentences interspersed with lamentable provincialisms, misuse of language, faulty syntax. In other words, she had genius of a high order, but totally undisciplined, with scant capacity for taking pains. It is idle to speculate whether, had she lived now, in a more sympathetic period, she might not have found encouragement to prune and correct her faults or whether she was inherently one of those incompletely endowed people who have every gift but the power of making their gifts available. As it is,

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her books form no link in the chain of literature, since she exerted no influence; nor are they to be studied to see how she got her effects, for these effects are quite spontaneous, almost accidental. Yet, granting them to be failures, this trio of novels are as little to be ignored as any other genuine unveiling of human emotions, or such useless manifestations of natural force as a crashing tempest or a bewildering sunset.

Her light blazed and went out, consuming all her material, leaving her without fire or fuel. Perhaps she knew this when she wrote:

> Oh the wild, wild days of youth,
> My royal youth!
> My blood was then my king.
> Maybe a little mad,
> But full of truth.

Mary Moss.

AMERICAN CARICATURE AND COMIC ART

IN TWO PARTS.

By La Touche Hancock.

PART II.

Now comes an artist who absolutely contradicts most of his contemporaries as to the method of obtaining ideas. "Many people," asserts C. S. Rigby, "believe that the comic artist gets his ideas by observation upon the street, etc. That is not so. You might travel fifty million miles without seeing anything funny enough to inculcate into a comic picture; but give the artist a pencil and pad, let him recline on a sofa or a comfortable chair, and let him close his eyes and be oblivious to anything going on around him, and he will think of ideas and situations by the bucketfull. That's the way he gets his comic conceits —by good hard thinking."

RIGBY.

E. M. Howarth follows closely on the same lines. "The method I use in doing my work," he confesses, "is absolutely mechanical. I go about it in just the same manner as any mechanic does in working out a piece of work in his own trade. In-

HOWARTH.

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spirations of any kind seldom, if ever, come to me, therefore I have schooled myself to sit down and grind out my jokes and ideas in much the same manner as a miller does his flour. If I wish a joke on any subject I dig at it until I find it. Incidents in real life seldom appeal to me in a humorous manner. I have written thousands of jokes and concocted thousands of humorous situations, but few have ever emanated from events coming under my direct observation."

Neither does this inspiration apparently trouble T. S. Allen: "I do my work any old way, as a rule"—and one can imagine him lying in a boat reading *The Rubayiat*. "My ideas are my own, and no one should be blamed for them except myself. As for inspiration—is a comic artist ever inspired? I spend about half of every year bobbing about in a fishing boat, and my happiest things—those I sell—have come to me just after successfully negotiating a five-pound black bass or a twelve or fourteen pound pickerel. My moments of inspiration are very few and far between."

ALLEN.

With a school peculiarly his own, Frank Mostyn Kelly delights in caricatures of theatrical people. His style of work, he will tell you, is peculiar, and requires a sympathy he is not always able to obtain: "During the years I have been in the business"—and he naturally boasts of such an achievement—"I have had only one drawing refused. An out-of-town paper certainly did accept one, for which it never paid, but I don't wish to bring that circumstance up to its discredit. When I wish to make a caricature I prefer to sit in the auditorium. If

KELLY.

HOWARTH.

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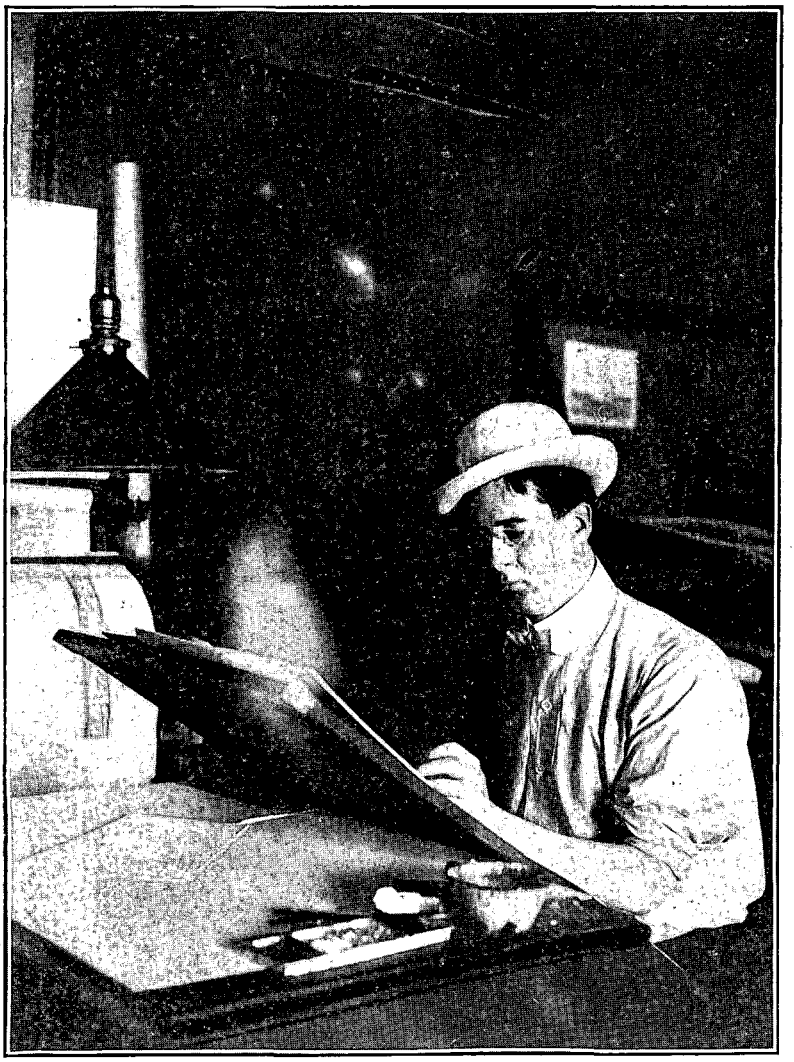
I go behind the scenes my victim will never be natural. If she—supposing it to be a woman—knows that I am going to draw a cartoon of her she will immediately put on a photographic face, which is precisely what I don't want; so really my work is done walking up and down

SMITH.

naturally restricted, because of my literary concepts. I try to draw as perfectly as possible. My women may be impossible, but they are as beautiful as I can make them. Besides, a trifling exaggeration in such lines is always pardoned. My in-



HAYDON JONES.

the Rialto or else sitting in a fauteuil. I must have sympathy with my subject, or I cannot do good work. Some artists draw from captions. I wish I could. My caption is a living being, and I take very good care he or she has not the least idea I am anywhere about."

"My imagination," says Dan Smith, "is spiration comes from nature, and the nearer I can get to it the better it is for me."

Art combined with poetry is the characteristic of George Herriman. Were his drawings not so well known one would think he had mistaken his vocation. Listen! "Inspiration! Who ever heard of

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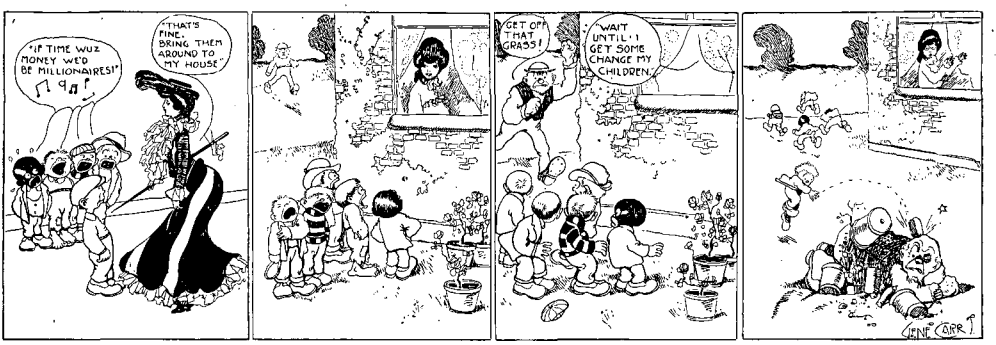

GENE CARR.—"LADY BOUNTIFUL."

HERRIMAN.

a comic artist being inspired? Take him out into a field where the green grasses, swept by caressing zephyrs, bend and nod in rapt delight, dodging the nibble of the frisky, hungry lamb as it gambols hither and thither, and see if he (the artist, not the lamb) can see in this any blissful clutch, grasping heart, mind and soul in a grip of steely delight. No! He'll draw a lamb all right—a lamb so distorted that the green nodding field will rise in disgust to smite him. What does he know of the inspiration to be obtained from blue, azure, turquoise skies with fleecy clouds riding on and on, whither no one knows. Now take the clouds and skies of which I speak, blend them with the green grass and gambolling lambs, and a few trees, a few red-roofed barns, little hamlets in the distance, a lake, a creek, a rustic bridge, a nestling home amid clinging vines, and lots and lots of other things so dear to an artist's heart, place

GUNN.

HERRIMAN.

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them in full view of the inspired one and see the light of imagination fire him. They never will. His mind and soul have lost that delicate sense of the poetic and artistic, which one would naturally think were indigenous, and he will turn away with a sigh, sit down at his desk and continue to worry out idioticies for the edification of an inartistic majority!"

Concerning "Lady Bountiful," the series of pictures by which Gene Carr is best known, the author has to say: "I don't quite know how I hapt on this idea. It kind of grew on me, like Topsy. Now that my name is associated with Lady Bountiful, I am really proud of having such a charitable, sympathetic lady as my model, and, I may say, my ideal. I keep a column of different characters—tramps, cooks, policemen, waiters, little boys, *et hoc genus omne*, and from time to time I pick one out of this list and join them to Lady Bountiful. The effect is always disastrous to her, and the moral may not be particularly good; but then, you know, you can overreach yourself even in charity. Poor Lady Bountiful! She is booked for another disaster to-day, but I will make it as tender as possible."

CARR.

Max de Lipman, who looks purely on the practical side of the question, is plainly of the opinion that an artist cannot do his best work when he needs to draw a salary. "To have to do one's work at lightning speed, to be bound to guess at three-fourths of what you have to do, to draw the principal figures and leave the composition to take care of itself—that is not art," he cries. "After a time one can instinctively feel where he can make light and shadow composition take the place of lines; but in this, too, he has to consider the limitations of time."

LIPMAN.

SWINNERTON.

The mournful strain is heard, too, in the confession of C. Haydon Jones: "I have been told that much of the humour in my drawings is unconscious. For this faint praise I am always grateful. When I am conscious that I am funny few others seem to notice it; but an artist labours for art's sake, and appreciation generally comes after we are dead, and so the struggle goes on. Not the struggle to be humorous, for every one is humorous, as a matter of fact. Sometimes I am asked whence and how my inspiration comes. As well might I try to explain whence come the poet's gifts.

JONES.

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THE TUG OF WAR AND ITS INNOCENT VICTIM. BY DALRYMPLE.

If it be genius, modesty compels the admission that it is like some of my humour —unconscious."

Strangely enough, among all the artists and cartoonists Kate Carew is the only female exponent of the funny side of life. Her remarks are staccato, but the laconic expression of her opinions does not detract from the full weight of her ideas. She says: "Inspiration? The world is full of faces. Method? I don't believe I have one, but here is a suggestion: Not only are no two faces alike, but there is

CAREW.

TWO'S COMPANY. THREE'S A CROWD.

Old Lady Democracy. "Now don't get silly, Uncle Sam." By D. McCarthy.

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no such thing as a normal face, although we all harbour a vague conception of what the normal face should be, something very marble, and Greek, and expressionless, I should imagine. Real faces—faces of flesh—depart from that normal face in various directions, according to the character, the passions, the strength and weakness they possess. The business of the caricaturist is plain. It is for him—and, may I add, her?—to accentuate the lines along which the model departs from the normal. For the practise of this gentle art I don't know a more enticing field than the theatre, where the players are themselves caricaturists (of emotions). A sharp stub of pencil, some scraps of paper artfully hidden in a programme, and an interest readily transferable from play to pencil—the equipment is complete!"

GENE CARR.

That every one is unconsciously humorous is evidently the opinion of Frank Crane, who has little difficulty in telling the source of his witty drawings: "Where do I get inspiration for comic pictures? Well, that's too easy. Take a walk up Broadway with me and keep your eyes and ears open. There! See those

CRANE.

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two continuous-performance head-liners. Kindly size up the weird Panama on the younger 'walking gent.' Can the most ardent Park Row imagination conceive anything more grotesque? Notice the cut of those marvellous trousers built by a Bowery artist on a Broadway model! You see, he is a living, ready-made comic. Wait! Just listen and we may pick up an idea for a joke. No, that won't do! The story of the two barnstormers who had difficulty in keeping step because they had walked back to New York by different routes and the railroad ties are wider apart on the western roads, might suit Chauncey Depew, but I've used it already. However, my system is disclosed. You may hark back to the days spent in the little old red school-house and traverse the pathway of memory to the present, and find that the human comedy has been played for your benefit by friends and strangers alike. It is to laugh!"

The comic in costumes is Archie Gunn's claim to be included among the humorous artists. "I must confess," he will tell you, "that I really don't know how I do my work. It seems to me at the end of the day that I haven't done a stroke, and yet there it is before me. Book agents, peddlers and organ-grinders are my *bêtes noires*. Anything more maddening than a pseudo-Italian nobleman grinding out

GUNN.

DALRYMPLE.
PHOTOGRAPH BY PIRIE MACDONALD.

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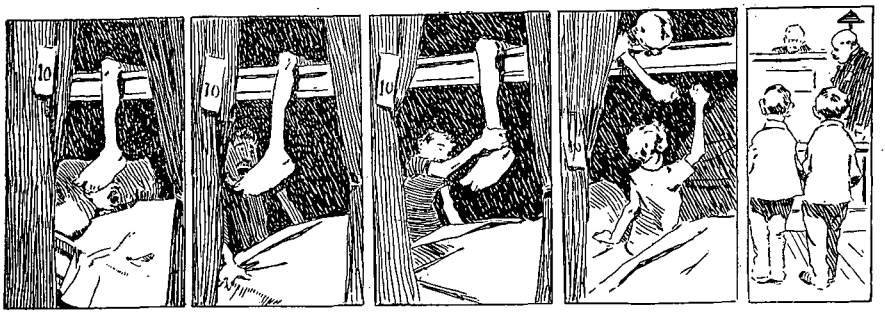

A CELEBRATED CASE. BY HAYDON JONES.

ragtime idiocies outside my window I can't imagine. Inspiration? Oh, I get it anywhere and everywhere. Ladies are an inspiration in themselves, and their dresses dreams—comic dreams sometimes. I don't have to go to fancy dress balls for my notions. I can get as many as I want walking up and down Broadway any day of the week. I wonder at times if some of the fair sex possess mirrors, and if so, whether they really look at themselves before they venture forth to meet the criticisms of a hard and humorous public."

Louis Dalrymple is comprehensive and in earnest. He says: "All cartoonists must of necessity be close students of the ins and outs of the game of politics. For myself, it does not require much effort to know and remember just how this or that politician stands in relation to various public questions. From earliest boyhood I have been a keen observer and enthusiast. To me it seems like a great chess-board, the whole United States being the squares, and I watch the moves in the different States with an enjoyment that cannot be described. Such events as the recent eruption in Iowa send me chuckling to my 'toys' (drawing tools). The remark of a Member of Congress, 'Let's see, Mr. Speaker, where was I at?' is more funny than anything a jokesmith could hammer out in a century. The conception of a good idea always makes me laugh, and it encourages me to work hard in its portrayal, that its humour may be enhanced by working out. My ideas come at any old time or place, and immediately I reach for a bunch of old letters in my pocket and search out a clear bit of paper on which to make a little rough pencil sketch, which I am bound to say always has some action or expression that I can never reproduce in the complete drawing. The rough sketch is the best to my artistic eye. The popularity of cartoons is growing rapidly in these days. They seem a sort of emphasis of the news event of

DALRYMPLE.

KATE CAREW.
PHOTOGRAPH BY ROE AND BIEHLER.

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most importance each morning, and well and humorously drawn, are a great feature of modern journalism."

The abilities of a cartoonist, caricaturist and comic artist are combined in Dan McCarthy. "My baby food," he says with a laugh, "was London *Punch*, and my drawings will show you how I

McCARTHY.

have improved on that publication in a humorous, if not artistic, way. I never took the trouble to discover where I got my inspiration. When I wanted it somehow or other it was always there, and I generally worked out my ideas at night. I believe I was born to draw, for the art came to me quite naturally, and now, notwithstanding my hard experiences, I have a mad desire to teach other people how to amuse the public with their pencils. I'm a bit of a critic, too, but that doesn't mean I have been disappointed in my art. *Ars longa*, you know, and *vita brevis*, which, being freely translated, means, 'This is my busy day!'"

Reserved for the last as a *bonne bouche*

SCHULTZE.

of age, not of the artist, for he is still a young man, but of the subject, which has the charm of years, comes Carl Schultze with his "Foxy Grandpa" and mischievous boys. "I created 'Foxy

SCHULTZE.

Grandpa,'" says Schultze, with a quiet smile, "because I needed the money, and I kept him alive because the desire for the same commodity has never since left me. It has never been quite clear to me why this old gentleman is so popular with the masses, unless it is for

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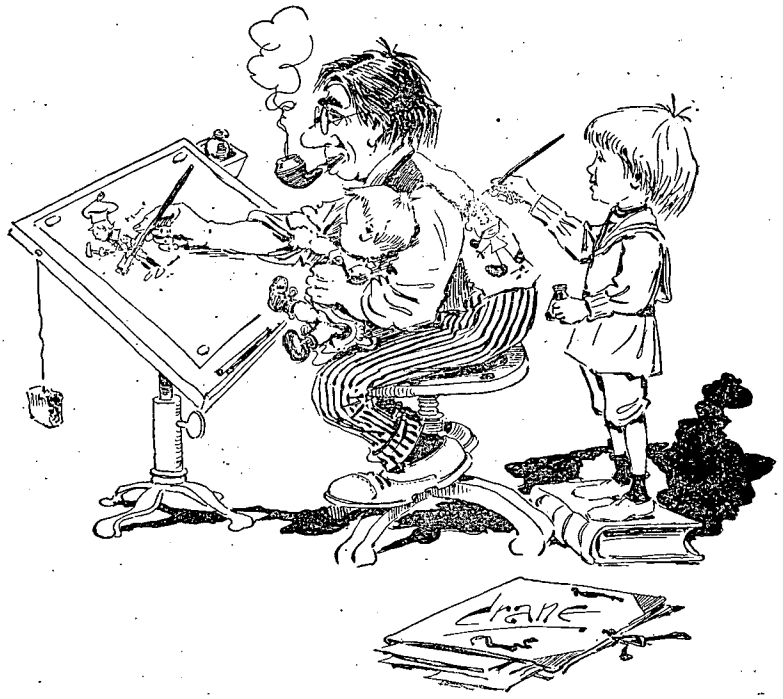

FRANK CRANE.

I do my work at home surrounded by my family."

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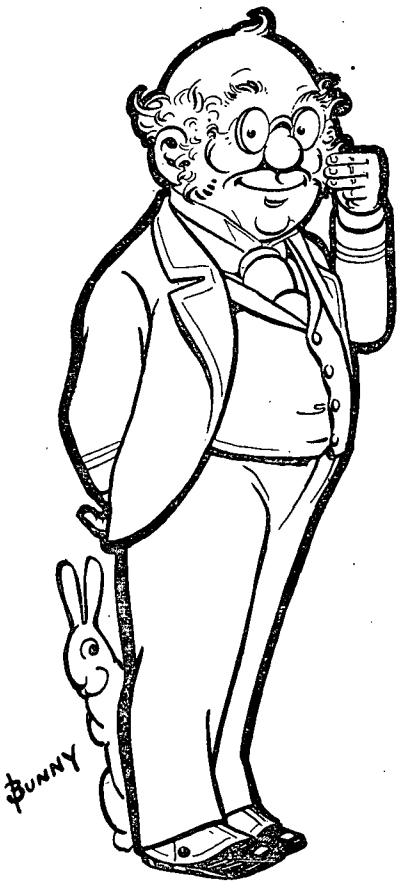

the reason that he never seems to have any work on hand. He is a standing protest against the strenuous life, and a monument to inactivity. If I had a grandfather with his money I would treat him a good deal better than those two grandsons do. If I ever do have any grandsons, I promise the neighbours that they will be better behaved than the descendants of 'Foxy Grandpa.' When I first began to draw this series I was afraid that the antics of boyhood would give out early in the game, but I have since found that the quiet, gentle, unobtrusive manners which marked my childhood have been reconstructed for domestic use and that I would not be popular to-day. I am always ready to receive suggestions, and find that childless people are most ready to offer them. The old maid of sixty knows more about children than a mother who has raised ten boys, and the bachelor who lives in the clubs invents deviltries for 'Foxy Grandpa's' boys with a most amazing fertility. The trouble with most of these suggestions is that they bear upon the progeny of some relative with whom they are not on speaking terms. To be perfectly frank, these characters have not been thought out and made popular all at once, and their development was rather the result of those combinations which require a man to pay his bills. Necessity is, indeed, the mother of Invention!

"Many artists like to work in quiet, but I would rather work out my ideas in a Devery convention than to sit on the steps of a mausoleum. I receive a great many letters from children, all of which I endeavour to answer personally. Gradually these children have taught me more about the *enfant terrible* than it has been the portion of any white man, living or dead, to know.

"Therefore, if 'Foxy Grandpa' should cease to hold his swing with the American people I should apply for the control of some large orphan asylum.

"If anybody tells you that I did not create 'Foxy Grandpa' please ask him to name the man who did, so that I can pass along the several thousand threats directed at me to the really guilty party."

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TWO NOVELS OF THE MOMENT

I.

F. Hopkinson Smith's "Oliver Horn."*

Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith has dedicated his latest book to "The man of all others about Kennedy Square most beloved, and the man of all others least understood, Richard Horn, the distinguished inventor." And it is the figure of this courtly old-school gentleman "holding fast to the class distinction of his ancestors, and yet glorying in the dignity of personal labour," that lingers longest in the memory when the book is closed.

Mr. Smith is never more at ease than in a mellow ante-bellum atmosphere of old mahogany and '29 Madeira, of lavender and box; and Kennedy Square is fragrant with all these. "A place of birds and trees and flowers and cool dirt-paths 'hemmed in by stately houses,' one all garden filled with broken-nosed statues hiding behind magnolias, and another all verandah and honeysuckle." "Half-way down the stretch of sunlight—and what a lovely stretch it was—there has stood for years a venerable mansion with high chimneys, sloping roof and quaint dormer windows, shaded by a tall sycamore that spread its branches far across the street. Two white marble steps guarded by old-fashioned iron railings led up to the front door, which bore upon its face a silver-plated knocker inscribed in letters of black with the name of its owner—Richard Horn."

This setting of a peaceful, old-time neighbourhood is delightful, and we are more than willing to linger here, a trifle aimlessly perhaps, for Mr. Smith is no impressionist. And the household behind the plated knocker, as we learn to know it in the first two-score of pages, is a source of keen enjoyment, though herein lies the weakness of the story—the story of Oliver Horn. Before that gay young gentleman himself becomes a factor our sympathies have gone out to the inventor and his gentle, narrow-minded wife. We are glad to know that old black Malachi took care of them so well; that Dickens had dined with them and Thackeray and Ole Bull, the last, we hope, upon a Friday evening, when musical neighbours dropped in as was their wont for Mendelssohn and punch.

"On all other nights in the week Mrs. Horn was at home to all who came. Some gentle old lady from across the square, perhaps, in lace cap and ribbons, with a work-basket filled with fancy crewels, and whose big son came at nine o'clock to take her home . . . or Miss Lavinia Clendenning, with news of the Assembly; or Nathan Gill, with his flute." It was a company that Thackeray would have loved to write about, and when young Oliver is introduced, toward the end of chapter two, we are getting on quite well without "a well-knit, muscular young fellow with a mouth full of white teeth and a broad brow projecting over two steel-blue eyes that were snapping with fun." Such is the hero, and in a book so rich in vivid bits of characterisation one feels the brief two dozen words to be inadequate. Oliver, destined for the law through force of family tradition, has a decided inclination toward art, a calling held in Kennedy Square to stand for little less than social suicide. "They don't seem to think him a gentleman" the boy admits in speaking of the single painter he has known. Then the inventor's years of patient experiment with galvanism as a motive power have brought the family finances perilously low, Oliver is sent to New York to make a livelihood as best he may. His trials in the metropolis are many, but for the most part they are shown in retrospect from vantages of comparative prosperity. For local colour we have some glimpses of a good Bohemian life too surely drawn to have been studied at other than first hand. It is the New York of Pfaff's and of the *Saturday Press,* of Whitman and Fitz-James O'Brien, and one could almost wish that Mr. Smith might leave his story long enough to tell some well-remembered yarn of the literary friends and acquaintances who made young Mr. Howells blink. Perhaps he may some day, and then the early struggles of the National Academy will make a mighty interesting chapter by itself.

Naturally, Oliver drifted into art in

*The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. By Hopkinson Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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spite of circumstances. And just as naturally he drifted into love, for by good luck the first and only lady student at the N. A. D. happened to be a most attractive girl. What drew him most toward this woman who had violated all the known traditions of Kennedy Square was a certain fearlessness of manner and a freedom from any desire to interest the students in herself. "Had he seen more closely and with prophetic vision, he would have discerned in her the mother of a long line of daughters who in the days to follow would hang their triumphant shields beside those of their brothers."

Oliver's is a painter's romance, unfolding in the open air, by mountain brooks and underneath green trees—or perhaps a white umbrella—and Mr. Smith has made of it a painter's idyl. But to me the greatest charm in *Oliver Horn* lies in its clear, pure aquarelles of Southern life, its odd, distorted glimpses of the North as seen through Southern glasses of the early fifties, and in its vivid thumb-nail sketches of real live people North and South.

Herman Knickerbocker Vielé.

II.

G. B. McCutcheon's "Castle Craneycrow."*

Almost anything can be forgiven a new author except his second book. There are especial prejudices and particular unwritten laws which would make the passage of Scylla and Charybdis a delectable alternative. If it be not as good or better than that meteoric first book, then the writer is a failure, an impermanency or an impertinence, and his first book, no matter how loud the pæans, was an accident, tolerable for its own sake—suddenly become inexplicable—in spite of its sinful maker. But every writer has to write his second book. George Barr McCutcheon, who made his name with *Graustark*, has, after a little more than a year, launched his second, which bears the not unalluring title *Castle Craneycrow*. Passing over the invigorating unconventionality of the beginning of the story, one of the first impressions it makes is of reckless cosmopolitanism. Before it is fifty pages long the reader has been served to North and South America, English, French, Italian and Belgian people and incidents. It bears the promise of taking you around the world in eighty chapters or less. However, the globe-trotting is all confined to the first few pages. Then the story settles down to Brussels, with a side trip to Castle Craneycrow in neighbouring Luxembourg, and incident and adventure are packed in with a species of literary pile-driver. A young American arrives in London and meets a boyhood sweetheart, whom he finds betrothed to an Italian prince. In the Prince he recognises an operatic singer who murdered a prima donna in South America a year or so before. The earlier friendship between him and the girl ripens into a compelling love, and the gist of the story are his adventures in winning the girl and preventing her marriage to the *soi-disant* prince. When some one has defined the difference between a novel and a story it is safe to say Mr. McCutcheon will not, by virtue of *Castle Craneycrow*, find his book listed in the former. He is a story-teller, not a stylist, a rhetorician or a philosopher. But he has a tale to tell which he embellishes with taste and discretion, really astonishing fertility of imagination, and sufficient sense of human nature to bring the characters and story near to the reader without making them commonplace. There is no trickery. He starts directly for a point and makes it honestly. The devious path is not his. Neither does he affect the primrose path of dalliance. It's cut and run from page to page. Strenuous is an overworked word at present, but it must needs be dragged out again to define *Castle Craneycrow*. The characters are a good sort, but they might prove commonplace if the author analysed them or gave his reader time to. But he is cunning. The current of events is swift, and bounds over the rocky bed of situations in a way that throws the mist in your eyes and leaves you panting in your endeavour to keep up with the folk in the swirl and swish of the running.

Castle Craneycrow is for the grown-up who loved his "Oliver Optic." McCutcheon's style is ingenious and sincere. It

*Castle Craneycrow. By George Barr McCutcheon. Chicago: H. S. Stone and Company.

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is the simplest form of narrative, and convinces. The adventures and plots and escapes and other romantic turns have all the flavour of the fictitious principality books of Hope and Weyman; but McCutcheon is modern, and not the least remarkable feature of his story is the plausible and convincing way in which his modern characters achieve things with which writers before have not had the hardihood to test the credulity of their readers, except bathed in the nebula of the long ago. If he is exaggerative in incident and emotion it lends exuberance, though it does not contribute to plausibility; and, be it said, he maintains it. The conviction will obtain that this is a book to be picked up at any time, but not to be put down till finished.

Paul Wilstach.

PIETRO MASCAGNI

After innumerable threats by almost as many musical agents to bring Mascagni to this country, a firm has at last been found brave enough to undertake so formidable an enterprise and the distinguished composer is even now with us, directing his own specially imported opera company in the performances of four of his operas. Almost since the night his fame was made, twelve and a half years ago, there has been a noticeable tendency among the cognoscenti, and those assuming to be such, to take rather lightly the composer of *Cavalleria Rusticana,* to discredit him and the work he has done. Some have gone even so far as to dub him a charlatan, and these critics would have one regard this tour of America not merely as a joke, but as a piece of stupendous impudence. But why the one or the other? Mascagni, with the long list of failures and partial failures behind him, has been, and even still is, a most potent influence in opera, and to his credit must be placed at least one work which bears the mark of genius. He stands above his fellows as being peculiarly typical of a most interesting movement in Italian opera, if only because he was the first to stamp it with the authority of success; and if his fame has been inflated beyond reason, if others of his school have since surpassed him in genuine artistry, his uncontested position as the foremost composer of Italy, given to him by his countrymen, is sufficient reason for him to demand of America a respectful hearing. Charlatan or genius, he has done something which bids fair to give him enduring fame—as fame in music goes—and he marked the beginning of a revival of musical activity in Italy which has restored the home of opera to its old supremacy in point of production, and partially, at least, in point of influence. It is idle to guess what particular, or even general, form the opera of the future will take, but whatever it may be, it is not going too far to say that it will have learned something of value from the work of Mascagni and his fellow composers of modern Italy, even if it be only brevity of form.

The charge brought by ill-tempered critics that Mascagni is a charlatan is not sustained by facts. The man's whole career up to and even after fame and fortune came to him gives the lie to such an accusation; and if this were not sufficient, there is always *Cavalleria Rusticana* as an enduring capstone to the evidence against it. Admitting that his publisher has not always shown the best of taste in thrusting him forward into public view, and that he himself has rarely exhibited great inclination toward modesty, it must be remembered that modesty has seldom been a characteristic of the successful musician, and that advertisement by publisher or by self is no longer counted among the venal sins. There are few recluses like Verdi among composers of to-day; rather does the modern musician take the great Richard as his model, in the knowledge that there is nothing like publicity to make the public take him at his own valuation. Mascagni's youth was anything but soft and easy. Born the son of a baker and destined for the law, he began to work at music on the sly, and was locked up in his room for his pains. An uncle came to his rescue and put him in the way of being systematically taught.

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At fourteen he was at work on a two-act opera, and a little later was seeking to rival Beethoven's setting of Schiller's "Ode of Joy." His uncle dying, he found a patron in one Count Florestan, who gave him into the care of Ponchielli, the foster-father of the "veritist" school of opera. After two years with this master he went out into the world to make a living, took a wife and nearly starved. For five years he wandered up and down the length of Italy, oftener than not hungry, conducting a cheap opera here, a stray orchestra there, barely making both ends meet, and the slenderest of ends at that. He tells us himself how once in Naples for six weeks his sole daily meal was a plate of macaroni. All this time he had been working intermittently at his first serious opera, the theme of which he found in Maffei's translation of Heine's *Ratcliff*. He finally secured a permanent engagement as teacher of the pianoforte in Cerignola, and on a salary of one hundred lire a year, eked out by fees from a few private lessons, he settled down with his family in ease and luxury. *Ratcliff* was all but finished when, in 1888, came the notice of the Sonzogno competition, and he determined to try for it. For several years *Cavalleria Rusticana* had been in his mind, and he decided to put aside *Ratcliff* and work on the Sicilian tragedy. But how was a man without name or means to get a librettist? This difficulty was overcome by friends persuading Targioni to make the book, and in February, 1900, Mascagni, with a few lire in his purse, took his completed score to Rome to get a hearing.

The rest is familiar history. On the evening of May 17 of that year, in the Teatro Costanzi, Mascagni became the hero of Rome. In less than a month he was the hero of Italy. Within a year *Cavalleria Rusticana* had been played, sung and whistled throughout Europe, and in sixteen months two managers were struggling to see which could give it to New York first, both of them to be beaten by still another manager in Philadelphia. Three months later it became an integral part of the repertory of the Metropolitan Opera House. No serious opera ever had so sudden and so widespread popularity; and it is doubtful whether any opera of any kind was ever sung in so many places at the same time, unless it be Gilbert and Sullivan's *Pinafore*.

A career like this, followed by such a success, is anything but an evidence of charlatanry. Years of hard, laborious toil, often accompanied by desperate privation; the coming of an opportunity and the willingness and ability to grasp it and make use of it, these are not to be thrust aside with a sneer. Viewed even in the light of the lean years which followed, this one achievement was sufficient to make of Mascagni a personage to be treated with at least respect. Nor will it do, as some would, to shove aside *Cavalleria Rusticana* as a work of little artistic moment. Admitting the many faults and vulgarities of this turgid little tragedy of peasant life, the bare fact that for a dozen years it has made a straight appeal to the hearts of all people of all classes and of all climes should make the critic reluctant to condemn it out of hand.

The day has passed when one can discuss *Cavalleria Rusticana* with profit. Everything that can be said of it as an art work has already been said many times over. But it may not be fruitless to examine it in its relation to the works which followed, in order, possibly, to find some clew to the lack of success which has been Mascagni's lot since the night he sprang into fame. It is a melancholy fact that up to the present, at least, Mascagni must be regarded as a one-work man. His genius which flashed so brightly in the Sicilian tragedy has burned dim ever since. The most industrious of composers, he has continued to turn out opera after opera, *L'Amico Fritz* (1891), *I Rantzau* (1892), *Guglielmo Ratcliff* (1895), *Silvano* (1895), *Zanetto* (1896), *Iris* (1898), *Le Maschere* (1900), and *Vestilia*, published but not yet performed. Some of these failed completely, others won a *succès d'estime*, but none added greatly to his fame. *L'Amico Fritz*, the only one of these performed in America up to the time of the present tour, was rejected both by New York and Philadelphia, the two cities that saw it. Mascagni himself insists that his later operas, particularly *Iris* (which is not to be confused with Pinero's play), were deprived of complete success in Italy by the intrigues instigated by his rivals.

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Possibly there may be some reason for this belief. The musical history of Italy is filled with feuds of this kind, and, if report be true, Mascagni himself has not been altogether guiltless of intrigue against others. But on the other hand, we have the fact that *Iris* was produced in Rome, where the composer is the idol of the people; that it was received at its première with that wild acclamation found only in Italy, and was rejected by the cooler judgment of subsequent performances. A few months later, when produced in Milan in a somewhat revised form before a favourably inclined audience, it was received only with kindness. This and the fate of his other operas led one to think that something more than a cabal must be found as an explanation. It may be that in *Cavalleria Rusticana* he said his all; but he is a young man, not yet in his forties, and it is too soon to assert that such is the case. Verdi (the comparison, to be sure, is not fair to the younger man) gave his loveliest message to the world when he was eighty. But if Mascagni's genius was to burn out in a flash, all circumstances were favourable for that catastrophe when he set to work to win the Sonzogno prize. The greatest and most enduring art-works in music as a rule have been born in poverty and despair. Mascagni was desperately poor. The offer of Sonzogno was to him like a straw to a drowning man. It was a forlorn hope, a bare chance which might take him and his family out of poverty. He had a book that appealed strongly to him. A little tragedy of Italian peasantry, packed with the primitive passions of human-kind—love, hatred, lust, jealousy and murder—it must have struck an answering chord in a highly-strung nature which had been enduring five years of suffering and disappointment. He poured his whole soul into it. It was not only a labour of hire, but a labour of love, and the pent-up emotions of the man found vent in those remarkable melodic inventions which have stamped with character the wronged Santuzza, the manly Alfio, the weak Turiddu and the wanton Lola. They gave us the anguish-laden appeal of Santuzza for justice, the maddened anger of the betrayed Alfio and the pathetic farewell of the doomed Turiddu. They gave us also, alas! the *opera-bouffe* drinking song and the ever-lasting intermezzo. Vulgar and brutal the music often is, but the passions it illumines are those of a vulgar, brutal people who have not yet been refined by the modern art of self-control. The play lays bare those emotions which modern civilisation would prefer to remain hidden, and the music is in consonance with the play. It is "veritistic" not because of the theories enunciated by Mascagni's followers, but because it is "true" to the emotions he sought to express. If the man had a spark of genius in him, then was the time for it to appear. That it did is final proof that it existed.

Thence on, however, the story is a different one. Mascagni, the struggling, poverty-stricken teacher of the pianoforte, is raised in one night to the giddiest heights of fame. He becomes the idol of an enthusiastic populace. Society, high and low, seeks his presence. Innumerable managers fight for the privilege of producing his works. A new hero has been born, and the world stands in reverence before him. He is proclaimed the saviour of Italy's music, the Moses who is to lead it out of the wilderness of commonplace, his countrymen forgetting the grey old recluse of Villa St. Agatha who is finishing his *Falstaff*. The keen incentive that made *Cavalleria Rusticana* great is gone. He begins to regard it with scorn. His fatal intermezzo follows him everywhere like a Nemesis armed with multitudinous hurdy-gurdies. Stung by the poison of fame and badgered by an impatient and greedy public, how easy it is for a man not of the strongest and sternest character to become a victim of his own success. And this is what one would like to believe of Mascagni. It is difficult to understand how a man who could write the passion-laden music found in *Cavalleria Rusticana*, so richly coloured, so vividly drawn, could have given his all in one short opera which plays only an hour and a half. Nor can the fair critic believe it until more years have passed. Mascagni found his *métier* in the depiction of the Italian peasant and in the characterisation of the rude, unbridled passions of that class; and finding it, he straightway abandoned it as something coarse and vulgar. To reach the new ideals inspired by his success he went so far afield as Japan. His advance in technique has been great, and he has

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found in a measure that refinement for which he was searching. He has succeeded in increasing the size of the canvases on which he works; but it has all been at the expense of that "verity," the hall-mark of the school which he created, and of the rich, red-blooded flow of spontaneous melody which goes straight from the heart of the composer to the heart of the hearer. The fairest conclusion to make now is that, led away by his sudden fame and bitten by the desire for notoriety, he has been following false gods for twelve years. He may find himself again, and if he does, if he gets back to the soil which gave him his great inspiration, we may look for another work which will bring glory to himself and honour to the land of his birth.

W. E. Walter.

THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH

Any review of the month must begin abruptly with Mr. Pinero, and it might end with him, too, without any gross misappropriation of space. His new play, *Iris,* has been the chief dramatic topic over here, and in England there has been a stirring debate over a point you would never dream of—the moral influence of *The Gay Lord Quex.* A character like Quex ought never, said Sir Edward Russell, to be placed upon the stage, because, as a profligate who was let off easy, he might beckon us all to his evil courses. "One could not be 'on the side of the angels,'" he declared, "if one enjoyed *con amore* the hard vileness of Lord Quex—or even the play in which the *roué* hero dominated." To which Mr. Pinero retorted that Quex had his good points, and there were people like him; and thenceforth the discussion ran on the general question, was the stage the place for things as they ought to be or for things as they sometimes are. This raising of moral questions over *The Gay Lord Quex,* or, indeed, over *Iris* or any of Pinero's later plays, is more puzzling to the public than their guardians suspect. It would seem that the souls of us ordinary playgoers run constantly the most hairbreadth escapes, all without our knowing it; and we stay through things in our placid, middle-aged innocence when, as we find out afterward, we should have rushed from the place. The present is so good an instance that we cannot let it pass. What was the matter with Quex? He had, says the critic, "no inner well of pure susceptibility," and the dramatist did not punish him. That is the reason why we should not enjoy the play. Assuming that Quex lacked that "inner well," the reason would apply to *Vanity Fair* if Thackeray had made Becky prosper, to the best parts of Shakespeare (the inner well in Falstaff was full of sack), to *Paradise Lost,* where Satan is notoriously the poet's favourite. Charles Lamb facetiously denounced the moral of *The School for Scandal* because the hero did not pay his debts. That kind of thing is done in all seriousness now.

This would seem like a discussion of wine on the White House table, or skirts for the statues of Venus, were it not for the fact that men like Sir Edward Russell and Mr. William Winter so often bring it up. When an eminent critic who knows ten times as much about the stage as you do compares some of your favourite plays to cesspools and says if you like them it is merely because you enjoy cesspools, it certainly is disquieting. And the mildest protest brings down on your head a moral cudgel, for it is assumed that if you disagree as to the evil effects of a particular play you are by nature a lover of all that is vile. A man must carry an enormous ethical surplus to worry over the effect on his neighbour's morals of a play like *The Gay Lord Quex.* It would

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be a very tottering neighbour whom Quex could overthrow. The man or woman whom such things damage is already past the saving, and if the community is in danger from Pinero the warning comes too late. There is nothing more purely personal than those zigzag lines of propriety these writers draw. It is a sort of private, haphazard prudery, as if one were conscientious by jerks and then amazingly overdid it.

In *Iris* no one can complain that the wrongdoer has too easy a time of it. The play is a study in retribution. Iris, the leading character, is a young widow, to whom her husband has left a fortune on condition that she shall not marry again, and who, being the slave of her senses and dependent on what her money brings her, lacks the courage to give up her fortune and marry the man she loves. Wavering between prudence and passion, she dismisses the impecunious lover and betroths herself to a millionaire, but promptly recalls him and, breaking her promise to the other, becomes clandestinely her lover's mistress. She will neither marry him nor let him go, and cannot understand his compunctions, since her wealth is sufficient for both. Then comes the news of the loss of her fortune through the dishonesty of a trustee, and now that she is as poor as he is, he renews his plea, urging her to go with him to British Columbia, where he has a chance of making his way. Again she refuses, this time on the ground of self-sacrifice, the fear of being a burden and the fancied need of an expiation by facing her poverty alone. In his absence the millionaire, Maldonado, shadows her and contrives that at every turn his money shall seem her only refuge. He is brutal, coarse, cunning, but a man of force and passion, a descendant of Spanish Jews, a successful financier, or as it is defined in the play, a "pawnbroker with imagination." Repugnant to her in every way, he draws her by his money, and at last she lives openly with him as his mistress. He, too, would make her his wife, but through all she believes her other lover will return some day and rescue her. He does return, but only to leave her on hearing her confession; and Maldonado, who has secretly watched their meeting, is enraged by this evidence of her continued love for the other and turns her into the street.

This bald outline serves only to show the shabby tale on which Pinero built. As to the play itself, it is built with such deftness, reasonableness and truth that people who feel a discontent with the whole have been obliged to fall back on the plot to account for it. This is perhaps unnecessary. The plot of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,* if stated drily, seems quite as uninspiring, but it is incomparably the better play. The difference is in the conception of the leading character. It was not merely that Paula in the earlier play was fighting against her fate and Iris yielding to it, but Paula was a woman about whom you cared, a woman of variety, fancy, wit and charm. The author gave her lines to prove it. Poor Iris was meanly endowed. Her supposed attractiveness was indicated indirectly by the reports of her friends. She herself gave no sign of it, and did not speak a word that won your sympathy, save as suffering wins your sympathy, mere brute suffering, which is not enough to make a tragedy. Each was a vessel of wrath; but Paula was at least porcelain with a flaw in it and Iris the merest crockery. Tragedy lies in the spiritual value of the thing injured, and there is no poignancy in seeing Iris go to smash. Here, it seems to us, as in historical novels, the writer thinks too much of the things that happen, too little of the people they happen to. Build a character that appeals to us and we shall be sorry if he pricks his finger, but a mere peg for pathos requires no end of agonising details.

This judgment would be manifestly unfair if one let Virginia Harned's rendering conceal the capacities of the part. She turns moral weakness into spiritlessness. She plays it droopingly, with convalescent flashes, as if she had copied Bernhardt's Camille and forgot to leave out the consumption. Pinero's Iris is at least physically sound, and in places she might have been represented as normally active and cheerful. It was played in the main monotonously, but with here and there, especially at emotional crises, a real effectiveness. As the newspapers have already said, the chief feature of the New York presentation was the Maldonado of Mr. Asche. It was a part compounded

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of well-known elements, suggesting half a dozen types in recent fiction, but modelled on no single one. With an air of reserved power sufficient to account for his success, with a touch of coarseness to explain the repulsion, he marched through the play as just the right sort of a vulgar Nemesis. Mr. Asche used every advantage that the author gave him, and produced an effect that was both strong and complex, accounting fully for his sinister mastery in that moral china shop by the force of his will and passions.

While Virginia Harned was taxed beyond her powers, Mrs. Patrick Campbell in Benson's play, *Aunt Jeannie,* was finding little or nothing at all commensurate with her abilities. The play depended for its interest solely on its *Dodo* dialogue and farce elements. Epigram in its mechanical form was frequent, as in the pages of *Dodo*: "I make it a point never to be seen with my husband; it is not decent," one of the characters says. Is not that familiar? And other moral truisms were inverted with equal skill: "People without a past always believe in a future." But it rose above this at several points, especially in the cheerful nonsense of a certain scatter-brained clubman, a part played with much success by R. C. Herz. The praise of Mrs. Campbell in this rôle only shows how good work may carry over and colour the judgment of the observer. Seen for the first time in this play, Mrs. Campbell would seem merely an open question. The good looks and gracious manner you could be sure of, but anything beyond this would have to be inferred from her work elsewhere. And there was about her a certain lack of trimness for a fascinating woman of fashion. She did not seem well set up. Her costume was too emotional and her postures were too Cleopatra-like. She was too willowy to be fashionable, and would surely have been a wallflower if she had appeared like that. And John Blair as a light-minded, horse-racing nobleman, with his orotund Anglican voice, seemed also a little out of his element.

Of the two French plays produced here during the month, *There's Many a Slip,* Robert Marshall's English version of Scribe and Legouve's old comedy, was mainly interesting in showing the advance that has been made, in spite of everything, in mere theatrical devices. The old tricks look decidedly queer. There was no particular reason for reviving this stage commonplace of our ancestors, and in spite of a very fair presentation with Miss Jessie Millward in the leading part, it gave no promise of permanence. The other, Alfred Capus's light comedy of *The Two Schools,* was promptly damned in certain quarters for its immorality, and if you took its teaching seriously it certainly was abominable. The only excuse for not smiting it is the difficulty of taking seriously what is in effect half farce. Conjugal infidelity is the theme, and it happens in the play that all the faithless husbands are good fellows, and the only man who shows any signs of rectitude is a hypocrite unmasked in the end and mercilessly ridiculed. The moral for a young wife is that she must shut her eyes to her husband's misdoings, because she must "choose between passion and fidelity;" and for the husband, that so far as possible he must cover his traces. But it is so preposterous a theme for the American stage that it seems a mere mischievous paradox with which conscience has no more business that with the misdeeds of Pierrot in the pantomime. And since it is written lightly and with many clever turns of phrase, and played without the least suggestion of coarseness by an exceptionally good company, it will be hard to make people understand why they ought not to see it.

To pass to an opposite extreme, *The Rose o' Plymouth Town* has been blamed by some for its innocence as a "drama of pussy-willows and pop-corn." As a matter of fact, it is quite as forcible and quite as well-built as many plays that have had long runs and have been well spoken of. By some caprice the gaps and bad logic of some plays are lightly passed over and of another are assailed ferociously. In this instance the point of attack was the inconsistency of the heroine's character in inciting her two lovers to fight a duel and promising a kiss to the victor. If we condemned plays for that degree of improbability where should we end? *The Rose o' Plymouth Town* is marred by certain crudities, but there are many suggestions in the lines that the present company does not do it justice.

Frank Moore Colby.

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THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX

I.

When we wrote a little paragraph about the late Lord Acton some time ago we had no premonition of the fact that we were rushing right into trouble. But we were. No one has objected to our estimate of his lordship's ability; but our casual mention of him as a "Catholic," *tout court,* has stirred up a lot of people with a theological twist in their minds, and they have written us letters—many letters. These are all too long to publish in full, nor do they wholly tend to edification in their lack of Christian charity and the milk of human kindness. But one of them asks a question; so we shall print the question and answer it.

Why do you refer to a member of the Romish Church as a "Catholic," as though that Church had any special and peculiar claim to Catholicity?

Because when we write, we like to express ourselves in our own way.

II.

Another gentleman, addressing us on the same subject, is patient with us, but argumentative. In fact, he used up all his writing paper before he had finished what he wanted to say; so that he had to cross his lines and write in the margin and around the corners. He also drew a sort of diagram for us, in which Old Catholics and Reformed Catholics (whatever they are) and Greek Catholics and various other kinds of Catholics figure in large letters opposite a huge interrogation point. We don't know exactly what it all means, but it is really rather impressive and confusing. Then he says at the end:

Of course I know that Lord Acton was a Catholic, and I also know what you meant when you said that he was a Catholic; but that is apart from the real question.

Yes; but is it? If you knew that he was a Catholic, and if you also knew what we meant when we said that he was a Catholic, then we have a pretty comfortable sort of conviction that we really filled the bill.

III.

A lady writing from Joliet, Illinois, asks:

Did you ever see the take-off on you and your disagreeable, supercilious Letter-Box, in a pamphlet published out here, called *The Book-Booster?*

Of course we did. It was pretty good, too, wasn't it?

IV.

From Saratoga, New York:

In the Chronicle and Comment of last month it was said that *Roxy* was the last novel written by the late Edward Eggleston. This is incorrect, for he wrote several others of still later date than *Roxy*—among them *The Hoosier Schoolboy* and *Duffels. Duffels* was really the last. I write you about this, thinking that you may not have read these books or that you may have forgotten them.

We did read them at the time, but we forgot them when we wrote the paragraph *currente calamo.* However, to forget them was a charitable, pious act, for which we have no apologies to make.

V.

Here is something a little out-of-the-way and verging upon the occult. It is

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in a letter from somebody in Dubuque, Iowa. The writer, whose initials are V. C. R., has this to say:

To the Editor of the Letter-Box:

I suppose that everybody has some pet superstition or superstitions, and I am no exception to the rule. I don't know why the belief about picking up pins should take a particularly strong hold on me, but it has; so that when I see a pin I never "let it lay," lest bad luck should come to me. But there is another tradition about pins which seems to contradict the first one. The first one says that if you "see a pin and pick it up" you will have good luck all day. The other tells us that to pick up a crooked pin is unlucky. Now, when I see a crooked pin lying on the ground, if I "let it lay" I shall have bad luck for not picking it up; yet if I pick it up I shall have equally bad luck, because the pin is crooked. What am I to do?

We have devoted a good deal of thought to this subject, because we like to encourage superstition on general principles as a protest against the commonplace, and as adding a picturesque element to our daily lives. Also, our correspondent is naturally impatient for an answer, because at any moment she may come across a crooked pin and be confronted with the serious dilemma described in her note. We say: Pick up all pins, even the crooked ones. For the way in which we reason the matter out is this: If you pick up a pin, then by the very fact of its being a pin—by its essential pinness, as it were—you establish a claim upon a certain amount of good luck. But if the pin be crooked, by its essential crookedness you incur the risk of a certain amount of bad luck. Now the bad luck in this case will consist simply in not attaining the special bit of good luck which you had earned by picking up the pin in all its pinness. The two "cancel off," as school children say; and this leaves you in precisely the same condition as though you had not come across any pin at all. We trust that we have made the matter clear.

VI.

The following extract from a most appreciative letter comes to us from a legal gentleman in Laurinburg, North Carolina:

I should like to attend that 1903 banquet, provided that the editor's secret cannibalism does not become active between now and then. Do you think rusty bachelors would be appetising enough to make it dangerous for them to visit the festal scene? I am going to study up some momentous grammar-question with which to stump the editor and so get a ticket.

We shall be glad to have this gentleman qualify at any time, and we trust that his grammar-question will put us to our trumps; for to tell the truth there is no grammar-question on our letter-file sufficiently difficult to keep our wits in good working order. But the gentleman is mistaken in thinking that the Banquet is set down for 1903. We wish it were; but the correct date is some time in February, 1905, that being the tenth anniversary of the establishment of The Bookman. It will take us, however, all the intervening time to settle the details of the Banquet, some of which are going to demand of us a great deal of close thought and the exercise of the most delicate tact. But we enjoy it already in anticipation, and the planning of it forms the subject of many a delicious reverie as we sit in the evening before the blazing logs and think of all the valued friends and the no less valued enemies that we have made in the past seven years. Just now we are making up with the greatest care a list of the guests who are to be invited, and we don't mind publishing that list here, merely explaining that it is purely tentative and represents only the names and persons about whom we are quite sure. The order in which they are given below does not represent the way in which they are to be seated at the Banquet. That is a matter which will take us at least six months to settle, for any one can see how dangerous are the latent possibilities of even a single error. So the guests are recorded chronologically—that is to say, in the order in which they came into our editorial life.

1. Mr. Israel U. Sage.
2. Mrs. Tabitha Sage (*ex officio*).
3. The gentleman who wrote unpardonable things about women's clubs and afterward fled to the Texas chapparal.
4. Miss Carolyn Wells.

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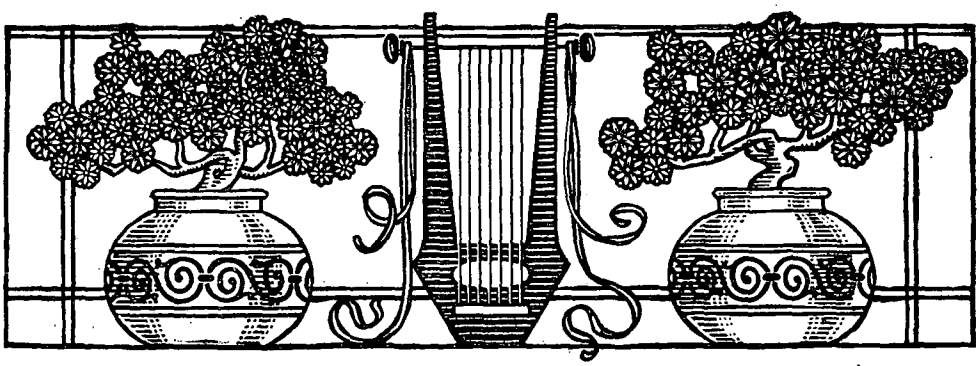
5. The Lady from Halifax.
6. The young man who wanted us to publish an architectural directory in the Letter-Box.
7. The California lady who writes a beautiful English hand.
8. The New Orleans gentleman who asked us about the young poet.
9. The Canadian gentleman who promised to have us tarred and feathered because we said things about the Boer War a year before the English found out that they were true.
10. The former editor of the deceased *Chap-Book*.
11. The Lady from Pittsfield.
12. The metaphysician from Brookline, Massachusetts.
13. The gentleman from British Columbia (now Seattle).
14. All those persons whom we have at any time recognised as Clear White Souls.
15. The gentleman who was worried about solecisms.
16. The Stetsonian Sister, who said that we would make a good target for a gun-club.
17. The lady in Berkeley, California, who said that she had set us up on a pedestal.
18. The gentleman who wrote a post-card to inform us that we were a d—d fool. (*He* spelled it out).
19. The lady who wanted to know about our style of writing.
20. The gentleman (or lady) who asked us about the teeth in a cow's upper jaw.
21. The Illinois teacher who informed us that he says "pants."
22. The gentleman who made a joke that we couldn't understand.
23. The gentleman (or lady) who inquired whether we like bees.
24. Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson (*honoris causa*).

We shall revise this list later on, after carefully going through our files once more; for there are others. In time we shall also confide to our readers our difficulties over the question of seating the company, and likewise over the formulation of certain little requests that we shall really have to make of some of those who are invited. This last is a good deal on our mind just now, and it involves so much *finesse* that it gets on our nerves whenever we think of it. But of that later.



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HERE AND THERE

The Coal Strike.

It is possible that before these lines shall have been read in print the strain of the situation created by the strike of the anthracite coal miners may have been relieved and the menace of it averted. Whether this be so or not, the very extraordinary occurrences which have attended the five months' struggle deserve the closest study; for whatever the issue of the strike itself may be, its effects are likely to be far-reaching and momentous.

So far as concerns the contest between miners and operators, there is no reason why the seventy millions of Americans who have stood by and watched the progress of it should let their sympathies go out to either one side or the other. Not one in a hundred thousand of us has the slightest notion of just what it is for which the miners have been contending. Not one in a hundred thousand of us appears to detect the flimsiness of the alleged "principle" which the mine-owners say that they are so heroically upholding. What we have all been looking at has been the battle of two great trusts, both equally selfish, both equally indifferent to the interests of the great mass of the American people.

The miners, under Mr. Mitchell's leadership, represent a would-be labour trust, which in the shape of the miners' union is already very powerful, but less fully organised than the other trust with which it is contending. This labour trust hopes to bring about a state of things under which no miner can get work unless he yields up his personal independence to the union. It seeks the power to dictate the rate of wages, the hours of labour, and all the conditions of employment. The mine-owners, on the other hand, represent a great coal-and-railway trust which desires to hold not only the miners, but the consumer, in the hollow of its hand, destroying all competition, closing all mines of which the owners will not accept its orders, and accomplishing this end by unjust and illegal discrimination in the rates of the railways which it controls. Both miners and mine-owners are breakers of the law—the miners in resorting to physical violence, the mine-owners by evading the statutes of Pennsylvania, which forbid railway corporations to engage in the production of coal. The miners burn houses and assault individuals; the mine-owners debauch legislatures, and defile the fountain of justice at its source. Whichever side loses and whichever side wins, the burden of the concern is borne by the people at large, who must ultimately pay the bill. Hence, as a matter of abstract principle there is no more reason why public sympathy should be thrown in either scale, save as the public interest may be affected by particular incidents of the struggle.

We have all beheld strange things in the past few weeks. We have seen the whole country brought within measurable distance of discomfort, privation and actual suffering as great as would be entailed upon it by a disastrous war, and extending far more widely. We have seen this menace growing blacker and more imminent with every day that passed; and we have come to know its source to be the ownership by a few extremely rich and extremely arrogant men of those mineral deposits of which a constant supply is absolutely necessary to the comfort, the health, and even the lives of thousands upon thousands of men and women, and above all, children. And we have seen the President of the United States, moved by an unselfish, high-minded concern for the welfare of the whole people of whom he is the chosen head, take the extraordinary step of inviting representatives of both of the contending interests to confer together in his presence and listen to his earnest plea that for the time they forget their private aims and in a spirit of patriotic magnanimity avert a calamity that would not be local in its effects, but national. From the miners came the head of their union, Mr. John Mitchell. From the mine-owners came a body of men who, by an interesting coincidence, turned out to be, with one exception, railroad presidents. Mr. Mitchell answered President Roosevelt's appeal by a prompt and generously worded offer to submit the whole case of the miners to Mr. Roosevelt himself, or to any arbitra-

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tors whom Mr. Roosevelt might name. The railroad magnates, on the other hand, deported themselves toward the President of the United States with a familiar insolence which scarcely took the trouble to observe the most ordinary forms of courtesy; and their leader, the smooth, cold-blooded Mr. Baer, made a reply which suggests the crack of a whip-lash over a cowering cur, and which was followed later by a similar communication from one Willcox, an attorney. The conference came to naught; and then Mr. Roosevelt took the ill-advised step of making a personal appeal to Mr. Mitchell, in which he asked that the miners return to work upon the operators' terms, the President promising to "use his influence" to secure a careful consideration of the miners' grievances at some future time. Mr. Mitchell's reply was a refusal, which was very courteous in its terms, but which made it plain that the limitations of Mr. Roosevelt's influence had become sufficiently obvious to every one.

In another sphere, a great enlightenment has taken place. For years men have been talking about Trusts in a vague, indefinite sort of way. Politicians of all parties have been ready to denounce Trusts in the abstract, as Mr. Roosevelt did not long ago; but very few were able to point out just what the evils of a Trust might be, or wherein a "bad Trust" differed from a "good Trust." Now, as though a great glare of light had blazed into every home throughout the land, the words take on a definite meaning. For in the unlawful consolidation of the railroad and mining interests in Pennsylvania we can all see by a concrete illustration the sinister significance of a Trust so powerful as to exist in actual opposition to the plainly worded statutes of the State, and also to violate the well-known national law which forbids unjust discrimination in rates. That the railway-mining Trust is an illegal combination is not mere newspaper assertion. It is the deliberate judgment of a lawyer of such ability and eminence as Mr. Richard Olney, and indeed it is clear enough to any layman who can read the plain words of the Pennsylvania statute. Those who cry out "Anarchy!" when the miners commit sporadic acts of violence would do well to consider the meaning of the word. For true anarchy is not the casual outbreak of a few desperate men, with whom the forces of social order can deal summarily and with ease. Anarchy is rather a state of things where a few individuals can become so powerful as to live and thrive year after year in open disregard of justice, in defiance of the State, nullifying the written law and thereby teaching all men to despise it.

A general remark that was for a time passed about to justify the operators was the saying, "A man has a right to do what he likes with his own." There never was a saying more untrue. The very foundation of our social system is the principle that a man may *not* do what he likes with his own when that which he proposes doing will run counter to the interests of the community. In a civilised community the individual has given up a large share of his private rights in order that the rest may be the more effectively assured. But the interest of the community is always paramount to the interest of the individual. You cannot burn evil-smelling garbage in your yard, even though it be your own to burn. You cannot blow a trumpet all night long from your front window, even though trumpet and window be your own. You cannot prevent firemen from destroying your own house to check the spread of a conflagration. You cannot keep a gold mine or a silver mine which you discover on land that is your own if your land lies in the State of New York, for the State will take it from you. And if you and others with you happen to have got possession of all the coal mines in a certain region, you cannot close them up indefinitely if by doing so you inflict suffering and loss upon the whole country. It was reported the other day that the proposed manœuvres of the West Indian squadron of our navy might not be able to take place because of the scarcity of coal. Suppose that a war should suddenly break out. Does any one suppose that the United States Government would let Mr. Baer prevent it from getting instantly all the coal it wanted? Yet the shutting down of the mines through the winter months would be a greater disaster than could result from any war. The deaths from exposure to cold would in a single day cost more lives than were sac-

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rificed in the whole Spanish war; and the ruin inflicted by the stoppage of factories, the paralysis of industry, the increased cost of food and of almost every necessity of life would be appalling. The right of private ownership is a right which in Anglo-Saxon countries is traditionally held in high respect; but human life is far more sacred than the ownership of property. It is not likely that the right of eminent domain has heretofore been understood to cover such a case as might arise if the government should decide to take possession of the mines; but at a pinch it could be so interpreted, and few would care to question such an interpretation in the face of a national crisis, whether of war or of want and misery worse than those of war.

The enduring importance of the strike lies in the fact that it has taught the whole American people to think seriously and to re-cast some cut-and-dried conventional opinions which they have held without ever having had occasion to question them and weigh them in the balance. The fruits of this thought and of this serious reflection will surely be gathered in the near future.

H. T. P.

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*FUEL OF FIRE**

By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER

CHAPTER XVIII.

(Continued.)

Nora meanwhile was holding a very different sort of conversation upon her prospects with Mrs. Candy, whom she had elected to go and see while Michael was calling upon Rufus Webb.

"And so yew be a-goin' to be married afore Miss Nancy," said Mrs. Candy as soon as her visitor was seated: "well, to be sure, it du seem the wrong way about for the youngest to be married first; I niver cud abide it. I was always so glad as my sister Carrie was safely married when Candy came a-courtin' me, as I wudna ha' married afore her, her bein' sixteen months older than me, for anythin'; and yet, it wud ha' gone agen the grain wi' me to give Candy the pass-by."

"Well, I am very sorry, but I don't see how I can help it," said Nora penitently; "and, as you say, it is a mistake to give really nice men, such as Mr. Arbuthnot and Candy, for instance, the 'pass-by.'"

"It is, miss, and I wean't deceive yew; and her that 'will not when she may,' ten to one dies an old maid; or else has to put up wi' a widower wi' a family. I'm sure I don't know what I shud ha' done if I'd let Candy slip threw my fingers; it wud ha' been the death o' me, I doubt! Even now I sometimes dreams as Candy is married to Polly Postern, and I'm still in service as Overstrand; and it gives me such a turn, yew can't think!"

"I'm sure it must!"

"Yes, miss, it be a fine thing for a wumman to have a man of her own to make up her mind for her, and keep her clear of fallals and the like. I don't hold wi' wummen keepin' single, I don't; they git all sorts o' notions i' their heads wi' no man to sweep away all the nonsense out o' them. There was my aunt Mehetabel, as niver was married, and she took it inta her head to be an invalid, if yew please: always enjoyin' some fresh complaint, as no sensible folks had ever heard so much as the name of, and drinkin' medicine by the gallon. Why, no husband wud ha' stood such rubbish, and quite right, tu."

"That is true, Mrs. Candy; men do keep us out of all sorts of silliness."

"Then, there was my aunt Hephezibah—she niver married, neither; but with her it didn't run to health-rubbish—it took her in a religious way, and she joined the chapel-folk."

"Well, there wasn't much harm in that," said Nora, with a laugh: "Satan might have found some worse mischief for her idle hands—or rather her idle heart—to do."

But Mrs. Candy looked serious, and shook her head: "He don't hold wi' chapel-folk, don't Candy; he says as if Providence had meant folks to go to chapel instead o' to church, there'd ha' been a chapel instead of a

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church in every parish. And then, chapel-folks are always askin' for money; and what's the use o' payin' for a chapel, he says, when yew can get the church for nothin'? Oh! but he's a wunnerful clear way o' puttin' things, has Candy."

And then Nora completed her farewells, and went out into the lanes, where she found her lover awaiting her.

Early in October Michael Arbuthnot took Nora Burton as his wedded wife: and great were the rejoicings in Tetleigh accordingly. The bridesmaids wore soft blue dresses, the colour of Nancy's eyes; and no one, to see her, could have guessed how heavy with crushed tears were those apparently laughing orbs. Nancy really played her part very well just then: and it was by no means an easy part to play. To a proud woman the knowledge that her world regards her with pity, is about as unpleasant a branch of instruction as she will ever have to master, and Nancy was fully cognisant of that particular fact just then. Though people in general did not know exactly what had happened, they were aware that Laurence and Nancy had once walked and talked together, and now walked and talked together no longer; and they drew their own conclusions accordingly; which conclusions, it must be admitted, were not altogether wide of the mark. As a rule, the public blamed Laurence as a fool for not taking the insurance money and marrying upon it; for the fact that—owing to malicious reports—he had declined to accept the compensation to which his loss entitled him had become public property by this time. Nancy was quite aware of this; there was not much that that young lady was not quite aware of; but it is not a source of any solid comfort to a woman to know that her world condemns as a fool the man to whom she has given her life's devotion.

And yet, do what she would, she could not rid herself of her overmastering love for Laurence Baxendale. She did not clutch her misery and make much of it, as a more sentimental girl would have done; on the contrary, she hated it so much that she would have escaped from it at any price. It was no pleasure to Nancy to be unhappy, as it is to so many women: success was her rôle in life, and she sorely resented having to play a part so sadly out of character with her preconceived notions of herself. Nevertheless, go where she would and do what she could, she was all the while conscious of an underlying homesickness for Laurence, which time did not cure nor diversion allay "I want him so! I want him so!" she kept saying to herself: and nothing else in any way appeased that consuming need.

But she bore herself with a brave front, and no one noticed that she was gradually growing thinner and paler. Laurence would have noticed it fast enough if he had seen her: he had tried to crush his love; but he was not yet as blind as all that; but he went with Lady Alicia to stay at his uncle's soon after the burning of Baxendale, and did not return until the middle of the winter. He had been so sorely wounded by the gossip about himself and the cause of the fire that for a time life in the neighbourhood of Baxendale was insupportable to his proud and sensitive spirit. And Mr. and Mrs. Burton were so full of their second daughter's affairs, and the new life upon which she was entering, that they did not give much attention to their elder for a while.

So Nancy faded away day by day: and no one noticed, no one knew.

One afternoon, not long after Nora's marriage, Mrs. Fairfax and her daughter were sitting in their entrance-hall, as was their custom when the weather closed the verandah to them for a time. And an ideal hall it was, with its carved oak chimney-corner, and its archways hung with costly curtains, and its walls lined with the portraits of dead and gone Fairfaxes.

"My dear," Mrs. Fairfax remarked after a few minutes' silence *à propos* of nothing but her own meditations, "Laurence Baxendale is a fool."

"Oh, mother, what a thing to say!"

"It's the truth, and the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Laurence and his father were always fools: nice, well-mannered, lovable fools, I will admit; but still fools of the finest water: the sort of fools whose folly is always getting between their own feet and tripping them up."

Faith sighed: "Yes, I think poor Laurence's mistakes always tell against himself more than against any one."

"So did his father's. Some people's omissions are always on the debtor side of the account, and never on the creditor side: they forget what they owe to other people, but never what other people owe to them. But the Baxendales are the very opposite of that: their blunders invariably tell against themselves."

"And their undertakings always seem to turn out badly somehow."

"Yes; the gift of success was withheld when the fairies presided at the Baxendale christenings. As a rule, there are two means by which a man may attain success—his own competence

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or the incompetence of his fellows; but neither of these means has been of any use to the Baxendale men."

"And yet they are splendid men in their way."

Mrs. Fairfax shrugged her still shapely shoulders: "Humph, I suppose they are cast in a somewhat heroic mould; but they are the sort of men who always put their money on the wrong horse, and identify themselves with the losing cause. In the time of the Reformation, the Baxendales were Romanists; in the time of the Commonwealth, they were Royalists; in the days of the Georges, they were Jacobites; and I feel sure that in mediæval times they were often nearly converted to Hebraism by the frequent persecutions of the Jews."

"But all that merely goes to prove their glorious courage and loyalty." Faith—like all very amiable people—had a strong strain of obstinacy in her composition.

"I think it often goes to prove their stupidity. Baxendale Hall, like Oxford, has always been the home of lost causes and impossible beliefs; and personally I'd rather live in the homes of governing majorities and established churches; it is more comfortable and less draughty."

"But men must have their ideals, mother."

"And servants must have their beer: but there is such a thing as beer-money, my dear child, which does instead, and is often both more convenient and more profitable to all parties concerned."

"Well, still there *are* people who love even the Baxendales."

"My dear, there *are* people who eat coal and slate-pencil and enjoy them: I never legislate for exceptions. But I own I sometimes wonder if little Nancy Burton is one of the exceptions who love Laurence Baxendale."

Faith shook her head: "She may, and does, I think, like him; but it isn't in her to love anybody. Nancy is a dear girl, full of life and high spirits, and is a most delightful companion: I always feel that a sight of her is like a breath of mountain air on a stuffy day: but hers is not a nature capable of deep affection."

(Yet Faith had got over her love for Laurence Baxendale, and Nancy was slowly dying of it! So do the saints of the earth sit in judgment upon their more human sisters.)

"Well, I hope you are right, for any woman who loves Laurence will find life a perpetual Lent, both as regards doctrines and dinners. Trust a Baxendale for finding out an altar on which to sacrifice himself and everybody belonging to him: all the Baxendales have keen noses for a sacrifice. And then, as I said before, I can't stand their way of putting one out of love with oneself." And the ex-beauty tossed her head in disgust.

"It is a pity that Laurence has so taken to heart the absurd gossip about his burning down his own house: for it was very absurd," said Faith thoughtfully.

"I should think it was, and showed an utter absence of knowledge of the merits of the case. As if any Baxendale would ever do anything, either wrong or right, that in any way redounded to his own advantage! It isn't in the blood."

"I wouldn't breathe a word to any one but you, mother; but I always suspect poor old Rufus Webb of having set fire to the Hall in a fit of religious frenzy: though how he managed to do it from the upper story I never can conceive. He would imagine that by doing so he was saving Laurence's soul."

"I know you think so, my dear; but I don't think anything of the kind. I have my own ideas as to how Baxendale Hall was fired."

Faith looked surprised: "Who ever do you suspect, mother, dear?"

"For goodness' sake, don't go repeating what I say, and sending your mother to prison for libel: but my impression is that no one did it on purpose."

"Then do you agree with Mrs. Candy that Laurence himself did it by accident?"

"No, my dear: but I think that those tiresome little Burton boys did." Mrs. Fairfax could never quite forgive any other woman for having borne sons while she herself had only had a daughter.

"Oh, mother! How could Arthur and Ambrose have set fire to Baxendale Hall?"

"Mischievous boys will find a way of doing anything that is troublesome and naughty. I don't know how they did it; but they did do it, I have no doubt, with their nasty bonfires and sacrifices and things. I found them offering up a sacrifice one day in the lanes, and it at once struck me how Baxendale had been burned."

"But it is proved that the fire began from the inside, and the boys couldn't get into a locked-up house," said Faith.

"They could do so as well as that Webb man could, and you suspect him."

"It is only an instinctive sort of a suspicion; I cannot for the life of me see how he could do it—much less how those little boys could."

"They might have climbed through a window," suggested Mrs. Fairfax.

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"But the windows were all shut and the shutters fastened."

"Then perhaps they stole the keys and let themselves in. My dear, I don't pretend to say how they did it: but that those boys did do it, I repeat I haven't the shadow of a doubt."

CHAPTER XIX.

WINTER DAYS.

The dying year is covered o'er with leaves,
And weeping Nature for her children grieves.

The vicar and his bride went to Italy for their honeymoon, and did not come back until the beginning of December. On their return they found that winter had begun earlier than usual and also with unwonted severity even for England; and that it was finding out all the delicate people, and numbering them with an accuracy which would have put the strictest census-paper to shame.

By this time Mr. and Mrs. Burton had discovered that all was not well with their elder daughter, in spite of the apparently high spirits she so persistently maintained; the same depressing conviction had also been borne in upon Anthony, and the trio were deeply concerned thereat. Not only was Nancy thinner and paler than she was at the time of Nora's wedding, but the cold weather had endowed her with a hacking little cough which went through the hearts of those that loved her. Nora and her husband were shocked to see the change that two short (to them extraordinarily short) months had wrought in the once radiant Nancy: and Mrs. Arbuthnot seconded her parents' fears that there was something very wrong indeed with her sister. Nancy carried her head as high as ever, and was as independent as of old of sympathy or pity: but the vulpine gnawing must tell in the long run, however great be the fortitude of the Spartan boy or his equivalent; and it was getting near to the end of the run, as far as Nancy's particular fox was concerned. She had staked her all on one cast of the dice, and had lost: bereft of the one love of her life, she was indeed bereft. She simply could not live without Laurence Baxendale; that was the long and the short of it.

It is but fair to add that Laurence himself had no idea how hardly things were going with Nancy. If he had guessed that she was slowly dying for want of him, nothing could have kept him away from her; for underneath his somewhat strained scrupulousness the man was a true man, and his love for Nancy was of the finest quality. But he was so little of a coxcomb that the notion that a woman could die for love of him never once entered into his head; and he would have scorned it as an absurdity had any one suggested it to him.

There was another reason why he dared not yet return to Poplar Farm; and that was his undying love for the said Nancy and his fear that if he were brought face to face with her again all his scruples would avail him nothing, and he should once more take her to his heart, and swear that he would never let her go. And this he had definitely decided not to do: for, let other people say what they would, Laurence was fully persuaded in his own mind that Baxendale Hall had been set on fire by one of two persons—either by his mother or by Nancy. These were the only two (except himself) who had any motive for doing this thing: these were the only two (as far as he knew) who had access to the keys of the front door and the library, and the house had evidently been fired from the inside and from the upper story: and these were the only two who had ever suggested that he himself might commit the crime.

And this conclusion formed in his eyes an insurmountable barrier between himself and Nancy. If Lady Alicia were guilty, then his mother's shame was his, and he had no right to ask any other woman to share his dishonour: if, on the contrary, Nancy were guilty, then he was ready to lay down his life to shield her good name: but he was not altogether prepared to exchange it for his own. Baxendale had not as yet gauged the overwhelming force of human love in general, and of his own in particular: but he had gauged it sufficiently not to want to be brought into contact with Miss Burton just then. So he kept out of temptation's way.

When the vicar and his wife were sitting at breakfast one morning, not long after their return to Tetleigh, the maid brought in the card of Dr. Arrowsmith, one of the Silverhampton doctors.

"What on earth can he want?" said Michael, looking at the card.

"Let's have him in and ask him," Nora suggested; "it will be the simplest way of finding out; just as opening one's letters is so much simpler than trying to guess from the postmark who they come from—yet nearly everybody tries the latter method first."

"Shall we have him in here?" asked the vicar doubtfully.

"Of course. I want to hear what he has got to say."

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Michael did as he was bid, kissing his wife as he passed by her chair on his way to the door; though how his wife's chair came between him and the door, considering that his chair was just in front of that egress and his wife's at the other end of the room, it is difficult to understand. Still, it was only on a par with his having maintained, in former days, that the nearest way from the church to the vicarage at its gates was by Wayside, a mile and a quarter distant. Evidently Mr. Arbuthnot had not the bump of locality. Many men, especially young ones, are similarly lacking; he was by no means peculiar.

As Nora had bidden him, her husband brought Dr. Arrowsmith at once into the dining-room.

"I am so sorry to trouble the vicar thus early in the morning, Mrs. Arbuthnot," began the latter, shaking hands with Nora; "but I am aware that a man called Rufus Webb is a parishioner of his—and a very remarkable man, too."

"Yes," replied Nora, "he is quite a character; everybody knows him about here."

"I hope you do not bring bad news of him," added her husband.

"I do, Mr. Arbuthnot—the very worst, I fear, that I could bring. Webb has been knocked down and run over by a heavy dray; and is now dying in Silverhampton Hospital, where he was taken immediately after the accident."

Nora's pretty eyes filled with tears: "Oh, how sad!—how dreadfully sad! When did it happen?"

"Yesterday afternoon. At first we hoped that we should pull him through; but this morning it is quite evident that there is no hope of his recovery."

"How came a dray to run over him?" asked the vicar; "the streets of Silverhampton are not generally so crowded—especially in an afternoon—that there need be any danger in crossing them."

"He says he was so dizzy that he did not see the dray coming till it was upon him."

"Dizzy! what made him dizzy? A big, strong man like that ought not to have been feeling dizzy," said Nora; "was he ill, do you think?"

"No, Mrs. Arbuthnot, he wasn't ill; but I am afraid he was hungry." And the doctor's voice was a little husky.

"Hungry," cried Michael: "Rufus Webb hungry? I knew that he was poor, but I hadn't an idea that things were as bad with him as that."

"He was dying of hunger," said Dr. Arrowsmith.

The vicar's lip trembled: "Good heavens! and I never knew. What a blind fool I have been!"

"He cannot live many hours; and as he particularly desires to see Mr. Arbuthnot, I came at once to fetch your husband. I gather that he has some sort of confession to make, as he keeps saying that he cannot die with an unconfessed sin upon his soul."

The same thought flashed simultaneously through the minds of Michael and his wife, as the same thought so often flashes simultaneously through the minds of two people who perfectly love and understand each other: the thought that the mystery of the burning of Baxendale Hall was about to be solved, and that at last Laurence would feel himself free from any shadow of suspicion, and be at liberty to take the money and marry Nancy. And the thought filled them with joy; for the sight of Nancy's pinched face, upon which Time was already beginning to write lines which told a sad story of faith disappointed and hope deferred and love unsatisfied, was a sight which cut both the vicar and his wife to the heart.

But aloud they only said how grieved they were for Rufus Webb's misfortune; and the vicar made himself ready with all speed to accompany Dr. Arrowsmith to the hospital.

"It is as much as we shall do to get there before he dies," the doctor said.

"God grant that I may be in time to hear his confession," murmured the vicar.

And Nora from her heart echoed her husband's prayer.

CHAPTER XX.

TO WHAT PURPOSE?

It surely would have been but common sense
To sell this ointment for three hundred pence,
And give to those who cannot food afford:
Say, to what purpose was this waste, O Lord?

When the vicar of Tetleigh and Dr. Arrowsmith arrived at Silverhampton Hospital, Rufus Webb's sun had well-nigh gone down. But he knew Michael, and evinced a wish to speak to him alone; so the doctor went away, leaving the two together.

"I am so thankful you have come," the sick man gasped; "I was afraid you would not arrive in time: and I cannot die in peace until I have extracted a promise from you to do something for me after I am gone."

"I will do anything in my power for you, Webb," replied Michael.

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Rufus drew a key from a ribbon which was tied round his neck: "This is the key of a tin box which you will find in my cottage at The Ways. Promise me faithfully that you will burn the contents of that box—that you will destroy them utterly, and let them be consumed by the fire that may be quenched, lest the fire that never can be quenched shall consume my own soul also."

"I promise."

"Promise also that no one shall read the contents of that box save yourself—and, maybe, your wife, since those whom God hath joined together man may not put asunder."

"I promise," repeated the vicar.

"I meant to burn them myself, so that other men should not see my iniquity and glory in my shame: but the God of Vengeance has ordered it differently. For He has ordained that what is done in secret shall be proclaimed on the housetops, and that which is hidden shall be made manifest."

"I promise faithfully that I will burn whatever I find in that tin box, and that no one shall ever look upon its contents save my wife and I."

An expression of peace stole over Webb's white face: "I knew I could trust you," he murmured.

There was another pause, and then Rufus roused himself again and rambled on: "I have a sin on my conscience which I fain would confess. I have made idols to myself with my own hands and worshipped them. You will find them in the tin box."

"Have you nothing on your conscience also with regard to the burning of Baxendale Hall?" The vicar spoke very distinctly: he saw that the time was growing short, and he longed for Laurence to be cleared by Rufus before Rufus died.

"Yes, yes—that it is. I was so busy watching for Lettice to come and meet me that I forgot what I was saying. She always meets me when I come home in the evening, you know, but to-night she is late. And it is growing dark, too. Ah! there is her white dress among the poppies: and there are so many poppies this year, and they are so red—so red. Red like crimson, and white as—as——"

"As wool:" the vicar finished the sentence: "though your sins be red like crimson they shall be made white as wool: you know that, Webb."

But Rufus was wandering: "Yes, the poppies are red—see how red they are—and Lettice's dress is quite white—white as her own sweet soul. Ah, the flames of Baxendale Hall are red, too—like tongues of fire—look how red!"

Michael made another effort to recall the sick man's senses: "Listen, Webb; answer me one question: had you anything to do with the burning of Baxendale?"

The fading intelligence flickered up again: "Yes, I had: I saw that the young man's soul must be saved, though so as by fire; and I prayed God day and night that he would send down fire from heaven to consume Baxendale Hall. And the Lord who answered by fire, He was God."

"But did you do more than pray? For God's sake, tell me this, Webb; for the happiness of many depends upon your answer." The vicar was desperate: it was so hard to get a sensible reply out of Webb in his present condition, and it seemed cruel to press for one, yet if Webb died without making confession, how should he (Michael) ever face Nora and her sister again? Nancy's life depended upon the matter at issue, and Nancy's life must be saved if possible.

"Speak, Webb," the vicar urged: "did you do more than pray for the burning of Baxendale Hall?"

"Yes; but I could not enter the library, you see, where all Laurence Baxendale's idols were set up, as only he possessed the key." Webb was fully conscious now.

"Yes; go on; tell me all quickly."

"I prayed for an occasion, and yet none came."

"And you never had the chance of doing what you wished. Yes, I understand: get on—for Heaven's sake, get on," said Michael, putting to the sick man's lips a cordial which the doctor had left with him in case it was needed.

"My prayer was not answered: the great and strong wind passed by, and Baxendale Hall stood firm. The next day there was a great calm; and I stood before the Lord and prayed Him again that Baxendale should be destroyed for Laurence's sake: and as I prayed I looked down to the ground and beheld lying at my feet a bunch of keys—among others the keys of the Hall and the library. And I said, 'God has delivered the Hall into my hand; I will go in and do with it even as I will!'"

Michael's heart beat fast, and he prayed that Webb's life might be spared until he had made a full confession. "And so you went into the house?" he prompted.

The dying man's eyes were bright with unnatural excitement; it was the last flicker before the light went out. "No; just as I was going to open the front door, I heard a Voice

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say in my ear: 'What doest thou here, Rufus?' And I answered, 'I have been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts; because Thy children have forsaken Thy covenant and torn down Thy altars, and have followed after false gods: but now I will destroy their idols, and cause their images to cease out of the land.'"

For a second Rufus struggled for breath, and Michael's heart stood still for fear that even now Webb would die before his full confession was made; but the unnatural exaltation still upheld him, and he went on again: "Then the Voice said unto me: 'Son of man, turn thee yet again: thinkest thou that the Lord seeth not, or that He hath forsaken the earth? To Him belongeth vengeance and recompense, and it is He that killeth and He that maketh alive. He alone can create and He alone can destroy: neither is there any that can deliver out of His hand.' And when the Voice had done speaking unto me, I turned me away from Baxendale Hall; for I knew that I was not counted worthy to save the soul of Laurence Baxendale, nor to offer up his dwelling-place as a sacrifice to the Lord of hosts. It is only clean hands that can offer up burnt offerings, and mine were red with blood—the blood of my own wife."

"Good heavens, Webb! Do you mean to say that you did not set fire to that place after all?"

"Nay: the burning of Baxendale was not to mine honour; for the Lord delivered it into the hand of a woman."

"How could you tell it was a woman and not a man that burned down the Hall?" The vicar was now almost as much excited as Rufus Webb himself.

"Because the keys belonged to a woman—to a woman who had left the house just before I prepared to enter it, and who had done there as she listed, with none to hinder her or to make her afraid. And blessed among women shall she be—blessed shall she be above women in the tent! For to her it was given to save the soul of Laurence Baxendale, and to burn his images with fire, and to destroy the accursed things within his house."

Rufus fell back on his pillow exhausted, and Dr. Arrowsmith came and stood behind Arbuthnot. "It is nearly over now," he whispered.

Michael put his mouth close to the dying man's ear. "The name of the woman—for Heaven's sake, tell me the name of the woman," he entreated.

Webb's voice was so weak as to be scarcely audible: "The name—of—the woman—do you say? There is but one woman's name—in the—whole world—and that is Lettice—my Lettice—my wife. See—there she is coming—to meet me—through the field of poppies—the red poppies. Don't you see her—in her—white dress—and the little curls—on her neck—and the dimple—in her cheek? I knew—she would come; she never keeps me waiting. Look, how the wind—is blowing—the little curls—across"——

But Rufus never finished the sentence on earth: Lettice herself heard the end of it.

"It is all over," said the doctor softly.

Michael stood as a man stunned: one thought and one only still possessed his mind and branded itself upon his very soul. "It must have been Lady Alicia," he kept saying over and over again to himself; "it must have been Lady Alicia."

On her husband's return from Silverhampton, Nora was bitterly disappointed to learn that not only had Rufus Webb not confessed to having burned down Baxendale Hall—he had also confessed to not having done so: therefore the mystery was as impenetrable as ever. The vicar did not tell her—or anybody else—Webb's story about the keys, and his conviction that it was a woman's hand that had actually done the deed. Michael now felt no doubt in his own mind that Lady Alicia was the culprit, since (so far as he knew) she was the only woman who had access to the keys of Baxendale Hall: but the discovery of her guilt would make matters worse instead of better for Laurence. No honourable man would touch money obtained by his own mother's crime; and his misery would be increased tenfold if that mother were publicly convicted of arson. So the vicar decided to lock up Webb's confession in his own breast, and never reveal it to anybody.

The following day he and his wife went together to Webb's cottage at The Ways, and found there the tin box, as Rufus had said. Save this one box there was hardly any furniture left in the house—Webb had parted with almost everything he possessed in order to buy bread.

"What do you think there is inside?" Nora whispered to her husband.

"Probably some relics of his dead wife: but we will open it and see."

So they unlocked it, wondering what pathetic little mysteries they should find therein.

To their surprise they found no love tokens; only heaps of manuscripts all in Webb's own handwriting; and—to their still greater amazement—they discovered that these were the manuscripts of unpublished novels.

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At the top of the box was the following paper:

"It is my intention to burn these manuscripts before I die, so that my secret may perish with me and my sin be covered: but if God in His justice sees fit to prevent this, I solemnly adjure whosoever opens this box utterly to destroy its contents, and to let not one escape. May God forgive me my sin in writing them!—but they were so burned into my brain that I felt I must write them in spite of myself—even though I knew I was denying the living God in so doing. I believe my brain would have burst had I not given expression to the ideas which consumed it: nevertheless, it would have been better for me to enter into life, having stamped out the intellect which separated me from my God, than with all my powers to be cast into hell, where their worm dieth not and their fire is not quenched. I hold that novel-writing and novel-reading are heinous sins; for whosoever loveth and maketh a lie shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone; and I would rather die for lack of bread than earn money by such a means as this. I will never endanger the souls of others by letting them read that which I, in my folly, have written: but maybe (I speak as a fool) the mere writing of it may be forgiven me, if the memorial of it perishes with me, and it be destroyed for evermore.

"(Signed) RUFUS WEBB."

Before burning them, Michael and his wife read Webb's manuscripts, as he had given them permission to do; and they were astonished at the brilliance of the novels. Admirable in elegance of style, mastery of delineation of character, powerful in portrayal of feeling, they bore the rare hall-mark of genius; and might have ranked—had they been published—among the greatest novels of the day.

And then they burned the heap of manuscripts.

When the last scrap of paper had been consumed, Nora said through her tears: "Oh! Michael, how terrible it is to think that all that poor man's genius and strength and capacity for feeling were utterly wasted."

"Not wasted, Nora: there is no such thing as waste in God's economy."

The following Sunday the vicar of Tetleigh preached a sermon on the success of failure from the text, "To what purpose is this waste?" He showed that futile efforts, disappointed hopes, unrequited loves, unfulfilled ideals, unrealised ambitions, misplaced trusts—none of these are really wasted; that it was only when the money had been spent and the alabaster box broken and the spikenard had been spilled that the house was filled with the odour of the ointment.

People said that it was the best sermon he had ever preached: but he said it was the best sermon that Rufus Webb had ever preached: and perchance he was right.

(To be Continued.)

THE BOOK MART

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, October 1, 1902.

September is notable from a publishing standpoint, first, for the exceptionally large number of books brought out, and second, for the prominence of many of the authors represented, whose reputations should insure for their new works large sales, which usually exceeds all other classes of literature, this month is much less than either the general miscellaneous list or the juveniles, which latter are almost legion. The novel of the month leading in the point of sale is undoubtedly *Captain Macklin, His Memoirs,* by Richard Harding Davis, while *The Vultures,* by Henry Seton Merriman, and *The Maid-at-Arms,* by Robert W. Chambers, are already in great demand. In addition *The Climax,* by Charles Felton Pidgin, *The Needle's Eye,* by Florence Morse Kingsley, and *The Right Princess,* by Clara Louise Burnham, may be expected to be in good demand as they become more widely known. Charles G. D. Roberts, S. R. Crockett, Lew Wallace, Max Pemberton, Rose Nouchette Carey, General Charles King, John Oliver Hobbes, Jerome K. Jerome, and Thomas Bailey Aldrich make up a list of popular authors rarely exceeded in one month's publications.

The output of new juveniles, as noted above, is something phenomenal, and it is difficult to pick the titles which may be expected to have exceptional sales, but such standbyes as Chatterbox and the new Henty books may be depended upon. *Beautiful Joe's Paradise; a Sequel to Beautiful Joe. Denslow's Night Before Christmas,* and *McClure's Children's Annual, 1903,* will unquestionably be popular with the young folks.

From the large list of miscellaneous works for the month, John Fiske's *New France and New England* is likely to have the most popular sale, and *All the Russias,* by Henry Norman, and *Stage Confidences,* by Clara Morris, bid fair to sell readily. Religious subjects are well represented and include *Help and Good*

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Cheer, by Theodore L. Cuyler, *Faith and Character,* by Newell Dwight Hillis, and *The Wonderful Teacher,* by David J. Burrell. Autobiographies and lines are also prominent, those of Alexander Dumas, James Chalmers, Nathaniel Hawthorne and Theodore L. Cuyler being included.

Business in general for the month past compared favourably with previous years. School and college text-books entered largely into the sales, and the demand for all classes of educational books was good. Fiction continued to be the most prominent feature in retail sales, and the leaders of the summer season were in good demand, *The Fortunes of Oliver Horn* and *Captain Macklin* were new additions to the best sellers. Much was done by the dealer in preparation for the coming fall and holiday trade, and many books were placed in stock which may be expected to sell readily later.

Announcements of forthcoming books continue unabated and there are yet to be brought out a goodly number which may be expected to sell largely. *The Two Vanrevels,* by Booth Tarkington, *Donovan Pasha,* by Gilbert Parker, *The Loom of Life,* by Charles Frederic Goss, *The Intrusions of Peggy,* by Anthony Hope, and *Cecilia, the Last of the Vestals,* by F. Marion Crawford, are to be ready this month.

The best selling books during September were:

The Virginian. By Owen Wister. $1.50.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. By Alice Caldwell Hegan. $1.00.

Captain Macklin. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.50.

Castle Craneycrow. By George Barr McCutcheon. $1.50.

The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50.

A Speckled Bird. By Augusta Evans Wilson. $1.50.

Temporal Power. By Marie Corelli. $1.50

The Mississippi Bubble. By Emerson Hough. $1.50.

The Vultures. By Henry Seton Merriman. $1.50.

Hearts Courageous. By Hallie Erminie Rives. $1.50.

The Hound of the Baskervilles. By A. Conan Doyle. $1.25.

Dorothy Vernon. By Charles Major. $1.50.

The Spenders. By Harry Leon Wilson. $1.50.

The Leopard's Spots. By Thomas Dixon, Jr. $1.50.

The Conqueror. By Gertrude Atherton. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, October 1, 1902.

September is an important month to booksellers and publishers generally for it marks the commencement of the busy season, and the volume of business done is to a certain extent indicative of what is to follow. Certainly the showing made during that period this year must be called satisfactory, for the high average of recent years was more than maintained. Country trade was good and the holiday orders received show that the country bookseller in nearly all sections is disposed to be liberal in the matter of stocking up, and is also interested in the new books of the autumn. New and popular fiction has evidently the call in the country just the same as in the cities for it constitutes the greater portion of the orders.

Individual book sales improved greatly last month over August, and such books as *The Virginian, Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, Castle Craneycrow, A Speckled Bird, The Spenders, The Hound of the Baskervilles,* etc. etc., made good records. Several likely sellers were published, notably *Temporal Power,* by Marie Corelli, *Captain Macklin,* by Richard Harding Davis, and *The Fortunes of Oliver Horn,* by F. Hopkinson Smith. Local interest was very strong in *The Long Straight Road,* by George Horton, and *On Fortune's Road,* by Will Payne, both authors having taken Chicago life as their theme.

It is pleasing to notice from the books that have appeared so far this autumn, that the tendency to improvement in the artistic and mechanical makeup of books, which has marked recent years, continues unabated. It is only by comparison with the books of a decade or so ago that the improvement can be thoroughly realised; more especially is this shown in the ordinary novel, which is quite a different book to its prototype of fifteen or twenty years ago. Perhaps the greatest improvement of all, however, is in book illustrating, especially juveniles. Most of the children's books are to say the least, creditably illustrated nowadays—formerly the pictures were something fearful and wonderful to behold.

Outside of fiction there has been little of especial interest in recent sales, although the demand for miscellaneous books is unusually brisk. School book business was heavy while it lasted, but the season is short.

Donovan Pasha, by Gilbert Parker, and *The Two Vanrevels,* by Booth Tarkington, were received as this is being written, and will probably be in good request during this month.

The first installment of the season's holiday gift books arrived last month, somewhat earlier than usual, but to be commended on that account. Especially attractive are the new holiday editions of Max Muller's *Memories,* Hamilton Wright Mabie's, *Under the Trees,* and Lew Wallace's *The First Christmas.*

The books which led sales last month are as follows:

The Virginian. By Owen Wister. $1.50.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. By Alice C. Hegan. $1.00.

Castle Craneycrow. By George B. McCutcheon. $1.50.

A Speckled Bird. By Augusta Evans Wilson. $1.50.

The Mississippi Bubble. By Emerson Hough. $1.50.

The Leopard's Spots. By Thomas Dixon, Jr. $1.50.

The Hound of the Baskervilles. By Conan Doyle. $1.25.

Temporal Power. By Marie Corelli. $1.50.

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The Spenders. By Harry Leon Wilson. $1.50.
Captain Macklin. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.50.
The Long Straight Road. By George Horton. $1.50.
The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50.
On Fortune's Road. By Will Payne. $1.50.
The Story of Mary MacLane. By MacLane. $1.50.
The Man from Glengarry. By Ralph Connor. $1.50.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

SEPTEMBER 10 TO OCTOBER 10.

NEW YORK.

American Bible Society:
Eighty-Sixth Annual Report of the American Bible Society, 1902.

Appleton and Company:
The Things that are Cæsar's. Reginald Wright Kauffman.

Baker and Taylor Company:
Help and Good Cheer. Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.
Recollections of a Long Life. Theodore L. Cuyler.

Century Company:
The East of To-day and To-morrow. Henry Codman Potter.
Tommy Remington's Battle. Burton-Egbert-Stevenson.
Sir Marrok. Allen French.
The Cruise of the Dazzler. Jack London.
The Boy and the Baron. Adeline Knapp.
Eight Girls and a Dog. Carolyn Wells.
The Boys of the Rincon Ranch. H. S. Canfield.
The Wyndham Girls. Marion Ames Taggart.
Aladdin O'Brien. Gouverneur Morris.
Caterpillars and Their Moths. Ida M. Eliot and C. G. Soule.
Abraham Lincoln. John G. Nicolay.

Crowell and Company:
Thoreau: His Home, Friends and Books. Annie R. Marble.
Word-Coinage. Leon Mead.

Dodd, Mead and Company:
The Conquest of Charlotte. David S. Meldrum.
Margarita. Elizabeth W. Champney.
Paul Kelver. Jerome K. Jerome.
London. Esther Singleton.
The Guardian of Marie Antoinette. Lillian C. Smythe. (Vols. I & II.)
The Leaven in a Great City. Lillian W. Betts.
No Other Way. Sir Walter Besant.
The American Idea. Joseph B. Gilder.
Fuel of Fire. Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.
Christmas Greeting. Marie Corelli.
Under the Trees. Hamilton Wright Mabie.

Doubleday, Page and Company:
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Grafton Press:
The Worth of Words. Dr. Ralcy Husted Bell.

Harper and Brothers:
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Revell:

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The Little Green God. Caroline A. Mason.
Topsy-Turvy Land. Samuel M. Zwemer and Amy E. Zwemer.
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The Gift of the Magic Staff. Fannie E. Ostrander.

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The American Diary of a Japanese Girl. Genjiro Yeto.
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Young and Company:

Sunday Reading for the Young. 1903.

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Shades and Shadows and Perspective. O. E. Randall.
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Goodspeed:

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The Alcotts in Harvard. Annie M. L. Clark.

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The Jackdaw of Rheims. Thomas Ingoldsby.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Snow and Farnham:
John Malcolm. Edward Fuller.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Publication Office:
The Story of a Great City.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Eastern High School:
Class Poem: 1902. Josephine G. Adams.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

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2. Stronger Than Love. Alexander. (Brentano.) 1.50.
3. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50
4. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Maid-at-Arms. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Vultures. Merriman. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Cavalier Poets. Lindsay. (Abbey Press.) 75 cents.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Captain Macklin. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Temporal Power. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Vultures. Merriman. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Castle Craneycrow. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.5[illegible]
3. Temporal Power. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Wooing of Wistaria. Watanna. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Captain Macklin. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Vultures. Merriman. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Temporal Power. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Blazed Trail. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
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5. Temporal Power. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Wooing of Wistaria. Watanna. (Harper.) $1.50.

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2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Ranson's Folly. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

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5. The Vultures. Merriman. (Harper.) $1.50.
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1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Castle Craneycrow. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
4. A Speckled Bird. Wilson. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
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2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. A Speckled Bird. Wilson. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
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2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Temporal Power. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Captain Macklin. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

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1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.08.
2. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. (Scribner.) $1.08.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) 75 cents.
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5. Castle Craneycrow. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.08.
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1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50
2. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure Phillips & Co.) $1.13.
4. The Long Straight Road. Horton. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50
5. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Briggs.) $1.50.
6. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop Co.) $1.50.

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1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Oldfield. Banks. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

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2. Ranson's Folly. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Temporal Power. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Valley of Decision. Wharton. (Scribner.) $2.50
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2. Castle Craneycrow. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
3. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50
4. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. (Smith.) (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Ranson's Folly. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.

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1. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
5. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop Co.) $1.50.
6. A Speckled Bird. Wilson. (Dillingham.) $1.50.

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4. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) 75 cents.

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1. A Speckled Bird. Wilson. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
2. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Temporal Power. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

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1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50
5. Captain Macklin. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

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1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop Co.) $1.50.
4. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
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1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Captain Macklin. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Temporal Power. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Kentons. Howell. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. A Speckled Bird. Wilson. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
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2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
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4. Ranson's Folly. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
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1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
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5. The Vultures. Merriman. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. A Speckled Bird. Wilson. (Dillingham.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Captain Macklin. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Blazed Trail. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop Co.) $1.50.
6. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Ranson's Folly. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. By Order of the Prophet. Henry. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
5. Temporal Power. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Ranson's Folly. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Castle Craneycrow. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

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6. The Wooing of Wistaria. Watanna. (Harper.) $1.50.

ST PAUL, MINN.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop Co.) $1.50.
3. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Castle Craneycrow. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
5. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. A Speckled Bird. Wilson. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
3. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Castle Craneycrow. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. Temporal Power. Corelli. (Briggs.) 75 cents and $1.25.
2. Castle Craneycrow. McCutcheon. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and $1.25.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Briggs.) 75 cents.
4. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and $1.25.
5. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan $1.50.
6. The Vultures. Merriman. (Harper.) $1.50.

TUCSON, ARIZ.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Country God Forgot. Charles. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Story of Mary MacLane. MacLane. (Stone & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Heritage of Unrest. Overton. (Appleton & Co.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Stronger than Love. Alexander. (Brentanos.) $1.50.
6. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Captain Macklin. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Tree. Richards. (Estes.) 75 cents.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Temporal Power. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

						POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any list			receives	10
"	"	2d	"	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50	252
2. Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50	128
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00	117
4. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50	105
5. Castle Craneycrow. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50	76
6. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50	72

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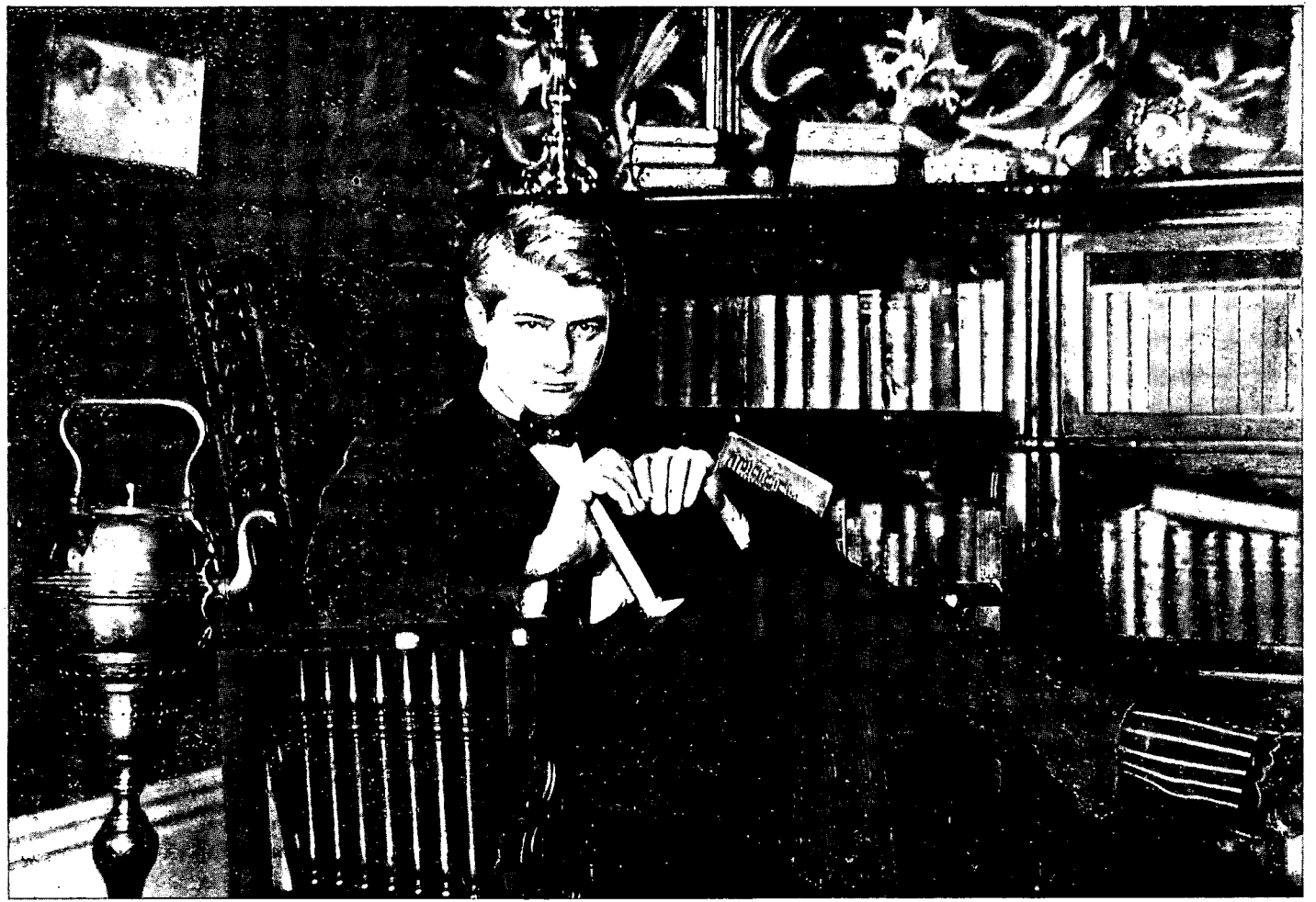

THE LATE FRANK NORRIS.

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